FLYING WITH LINDBERGH

DONALD E. KEYHOE

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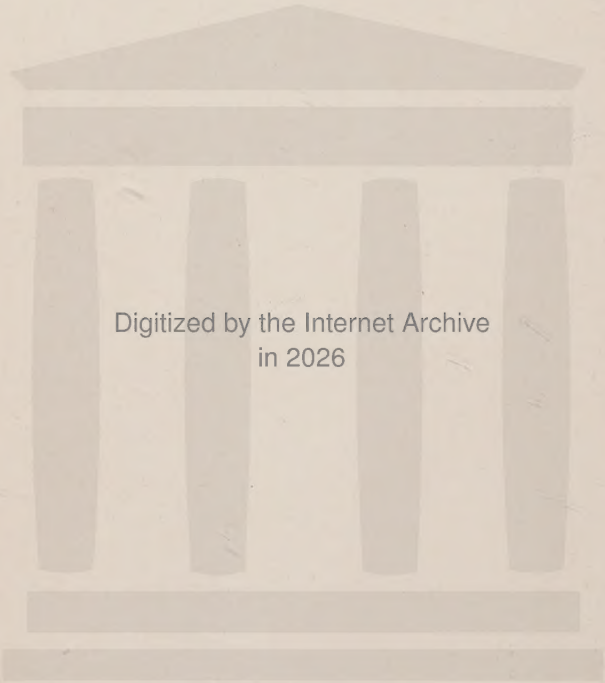
By Donald E. Keyhoe

Practically a Sequel to "We"

As told by Colonel Lindbergh's aide, Donald Keyhoe, assistant to the Chief of Bureau of Aeronautics, U. S. Dept. of Commerce. FLYING WITH LINDBERGH is a warmly human and absorbing narrative. An historic flight made a national hero of an unassuming young boy from the Middle West. He made a tour of his country under the auspices of the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aviation. It was a journey as fraught with perils as any of his flights. How he withstood the dangers of too much homage, of the fatigues and small irritations incident to such an undertaking is written with truth and sympathy by the man who was closest to Colonel Lindbergh through the whole ordeal.

Lindbergh as hero, Lindbergh as air adventurer, and Lindbergh as the symbol of the American spirit are becoming familiar representations to us. In this book we have Lindbergh as a human being.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SLIM

FLYING WITH LINDBERGH

BY

DONALD E. KEYHOE

ILLUSTRATED

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FLYING WITH LINDBERGH

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by
Donald E. Keyhoe

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To

MY MOTHER

WITHDRAWN

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The author wishes to express his appreciation for permission to include herein material previously published in *The National Geographic Magazine* and *The Saturday Evening Post.*

Dear Don:

Now that our tour has been completed I want to thank you for the large part you played in its success.

The interest in aviation displayed by the cities along our route was greater than I had even hoped for, and I belive that it will result in a noticeable increase in aeronautical activity.

Sincerely.

Charles A. Lindbergh

PREFACE

PUBLIC figures are seldom understood and heroes least of all. Drawn into the spotlight of public interest suddenly and often quite involuntarily they find their every act closely scrutinized and every utterance weighed.

Even Colonel Lindbergh, the most admired figure of our time, has not been fully understood by the millions that have acclaimed him.

I hope that the chapters which follow will give a clearer picture of him and will bring a feeling to those who read them that they, too, shared that fascinating journey across the country with Lindbergh.

DONALD KEYHOE.

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FLYING WITH LINDBERGH

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CHAPTER I

THE TAKE-OFF

"YOU will be Colonel Lindbergh's aide," Secretary MacCracken told me calmly. "Unless, of course, you don't want to make this tour."

I stared at him blankly for a moment. Not want to fly across the forty-eight States with the most famous pilot in the world! There was not a man in the Department of Commerce—probably not one in the country—who would not leap at the chance. Then I saw the twinkle in the Secretary's eyes and smiled rather sheepishly.

"I guess there isn't any argument there," he said genially. "Now, let's go over those sug-

gestions so that you can give them to the colonel and Mr. Guggenheim tomorrow."

In a few minutes he had completed his brief summary. I returned to my office in the Aeronautics Branch, still somewhat dazed by the unexpected happenings of the afternoon.

Aide to Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh!

The words had a magic sound, and an even more magic meaning. I remembered Annapolis classmates and comrades in the Marine Corps who had been thrilled on being ordered to the staffs of high ranking officers. But not one of them had had so enviable an assignment as mine.

To fly day after day with the man who had crossed the Atlantic alone would in itself be a glorious experience. But to live within the same walls with him, to see beyond the world hero and to know him as a friend—that was fascinating even to contemplate. And such was the promise held out by that simple word "aide." Yet at that moment I was far removed from him as the rest of his hundred million admirers throughout the United States.

Perhaps it was this that left me with an odd

sense of unreality, even when I reached New York and started for Mitchel Field to meet Colonel Lindbergh. But it was gone with my first glimpse of him, for almost instantly I was looking into two keen blue eyes that appraised me swiftly, even as I felt the warmth of his spontaneous flashing smile. His firm grasp was quickly convincing.

"The colonel is leaving for St. Louis in a little while," said Mr. Guggenheim, who had introduced us. "I suggest that we go into the Operations Office and find a map. The colonel can indicate in general how he wants us to plan the tour, and we can work up the details later."

"Mr. MacCracken thought you might have some special things you'd want us to keep in mind," I remarked as we gathered around a large map of the United States.

Colonel Lindbergh looked somewhat surprised.

"No, I have no personal desires to be remembered," he replied quickly. "This is going to be a straight business tour to promote interest in aviation."

That was the end of the preliminaries. In ten

minutes the tour had been roughly planned, as the colonel offered crisp advice, nodded in agreement, or courteously, but without waste of words, expressed his difference in opinion.

We decided to use a Department of Commerce plane to accompany the Spirit of St. Louis, as the transatlantic ship was not large enough to carry more than one person comfortably. A departmental aeronautic inspector would be selected to pilot this plane, as my flying had been done at Marine Corps and Navy stations and had not included extensive cross country work.

At the end of our short conference I mentioned the Transcontinental Air Mail route through the Rocky Mountains. Lindbergh shook his head.

"We'd better forget the regular routes," he said easily. "We want to visit each of the States, and as many representatives cities as we can in three months. We'll save time by flying straight over the mountains and not being held down by following the routes."

He picked up his helmet and goggles and then turned back for a last word.

"If the Department agrees to send a plane along, I'd like to have them pick Phil Love for the pilot. He's an inspector there, I think. I've known him in the Army and in the mail service. There isn't a better cross country pilot in the game. Besides, he's a good fellow and he'd be a help on this tour."

With another of those friendly smiles he was gone, dodging around the waiting crowd outside. I went out onto the field a few minutes later, on hearing that he had delayed starting for St. Louis in order to try out a new type of Army training plane. The behavior of the several hundred people who had gathered gave me a decided hint of what my duties would be during the next three months. In the short distance between the office and plane he was to fly he was stopped a dozen times—by photographers, both professional and amateur, by a girl with an autograph book, by a boy wishing to fly with him, and a group who had no particular

purpose except to get close enough to touch this famous youth who had flown across the ocean by himself.

As he opened the throttle of the new ship and sent it roaring down the field for a swift take-off, a matronly woman standing nearby sighed audibly and shook her head.

"I don't think they ought to let him fly any more," she said complainingly. "He means too much to the world now. He ought to realize that."

Major Thomas Lanphier, commander of the crack Army pursuit group and at that time Lindbergh's flying companion, looked around at her with just a trace of irritation.

"That's the only chance he has to be alone," he responded. "You oughtn't to begrudge him that little freedom."

"His duty is to promote aviation in a safe way," she said emphatically. "I think someone should stop him—look at him right now!"

The colonel had begun a series of barrel rolls, loops, and spins, executing each maneuver with nice precision. Lanphier grinned broadly.

"He's promoting interest right now," he observed. "And as for stopping him from flying, I don't know how it could be done. He'd be flying if they passed a law against it."

After Lindbergh and Lanphier had taken off for St. Louis, I was talking with Harry Knight, one of the colonel's backers in the transatlantic flight.

"If I'm going to be with Colonel Lindbergh for three months," I said to him, "I'd like to have some idea of the man himself. I've read all about him, of course. But no one seems to know anything about him personally. What is the best way to get along with him? And is there anything to look out for?"

Knight seemed amused at something.

"You'll probably find plenty to look out for," he replied. "You'll know what I mean after awhile. But don't worry. Slim is easy to get along with. He's a good scout."

There was but one other conference before the tour began. In the meantime we completed details as Lindbergh had briefly indicated them, working under a barrage of long distance calls,

telegrams, personal visits and insistent letters from hundreds of cities that clamored to be placed on the three-month itinerary.

The second meeting was held at the Guggenheim home on Long Island. The colonel and Mr. Guggenheim had just returned from a short fishing trip. With Milburn Kusterer, the tour advance man, I was waiting on a balcony overlooking Port Washington. As the two men appeared Mr. Guggenheim was stopped to be given a message. Lindbergh did not hesitate, but introduced himself in a matter-of-fact way to Kusterer before I had time to perform this ceremony.

He looked more like a boy as I saw him then, bronzed by exposure to the sun and comfortably attired in khaki trousers and a loose shirt. We sat down as Mr. Guggenheim joined us, the colonel disposing of his long legs by stretching them out lazily to one side. But as we leaned over the master map on which the tour courses had been marked, all signs of indolence vanished. He listened keenly as we went over what had been completed. After we had finished, he asked one

"THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS" FLASHES BY

PHILIP LOVE, PILOT OF ESCORT PLANE, COLONEL LINDBERGH AND DONALD KEYHOE, THE COLONEL'S AIDE

or two questions and then approved the plans, adding his ideas for handling certain situations.

"We must remember two things all of the time," he told us seriously. "First, we must always be on time—if we have to get up in the middle of the night to do it. We'll have to stick to our standard program, no matter what happens. That way, we won't be favoring any city or organization, and we won't have extra details to make us late. It means saying 'no' to some things that, at first thought, it will seem we ought to do, such as meeting a lot of people, giving extra interviews, and so forth. But if we did that the tour wouldn't last a week. And we want to show people that aviation can come through on time."

He looked quickly from one to another of us, to see the effect of his words. We nodded in complete agreement. He went on in that grave impersonal manner that somehow belied his boyish face.

"Of course, we must be careful not to hurt people's feelings, and we'll have to explain just why we can't do all that they ask. Now, the second

thing I mentioned is about landing at airports. Sometimes the crowds forget and rush out onto the field, and that's dangerous. I've seen a propeller kill a man, and I don't intend to have anyone hit by my ship if I can help it. I'd rather skip a city entirely than take a chance by landing into a crowd."

"The colonel is right," said Mr. Guggenheim. "Kusterer, remember all these details in making arrangements. And Keyhoe, as the colonel's aide you will have to be a sort of buffer and take all the knocks possible."

Mentally contrasting my height with Lindbergh's six feet, two and one-half inches, I glanced sidewise at him, to find him looking surreptitiously at me. He grinned suddenly, perhaps to hide his misgivings. Then he glanced at Kusterer, who was regarding the zigzag course on the map with a rather dismal expression.

"What's the matter?" he inquired. "Did we forget something?"

"No, I was just thinking that I have to go all that way by train," Kusterer told him. "That's

going to be a tough job, trying to keep a week ahead of two airplanes."

"You'll certainly have to move along," agreed Lindbergh amusedly. "We're likely to pass you if you stop to look around."

One week later our advance plane took off from Mitchel Field, half an hour before the Spirit of St. Louis was due to follow, and the tour was underway. At the stick was Phil Love, who had been selected in accordance with Lindbergh's wishes. The third member of our party was Ted Sorenson, who had been assigned as engineman and mechanic for both ships.

Our last minute instructions from Mr. Guggenheim had been very simple.

"Colonel Lindbergh is the commanding officer," he had said. "If anything very unusual comes up he will decide it. Goodbye and good luck."

It was well on this first hop that we had thirty minutes to spare. We had decided that it would take this much time after we had landed to check up arrangements at each city, though Kusterer

was to send us an outline of each program several days ahead of time. But deviating for a blinding rain and checking our course after following an incorrect map took up almost all of the half hour. We came into Hartford at full speed, almost afraid to look down at the airport for fear we would see the Spirit of St. Louis there ahead of us. To our relief it was not in sight.

"This is the last time I'm going to sleep on this job," growled Phil, hurling the offending map into a corner of the cabin. "But for Heaven's sake don't tell Slim about it. He'll kid me for the next six months, getting lost on a simple little run like this."

As we landed, I stared from the window of the ship at the vast crowd which lined the airport borders, and wondered what Lindbergh's thoughts would be on seeing this demonstration of the continued interest in him.

In the rapid sequence of greetings, photographs, welcoming by the committee, and other ceremonies at his landing there was no time to study his reaction to an all but violent public ad-

miration. I stole a glance at him a little later, as he sat bareheaded atop the rear seat of an open car. Now, amid the deafening shouts and cheers, the tooting of horns and whistles, and the general mad uproar of a city gone wild, there was a chance to watch him unobserved.

He seemed almost not to hear the cheers, to be somewhat preoccupied, as he faced straight to the front. But after a second I saw that his eyes were never still, that they roved from side to side, now resting for a moment on a group of clamoring school children, now shifting to a fireman clanging the bell of his engine, up to a window from which a dozen laughing stenographers poured an endless stream of confetti, and then back to a second parade of boys on bicycles, who ducked in and out between exasperated policeman.

Once the corners of his mouth twitched suddenly as a roll of colored tape, thrown out from the crowd, missed its goal and drifted against the forehead of a motorcycle policeman, from which it streamed back like the ribbon on a Roman chariot driver.

A second later, the humorous gleam was replaced by a kindly, direct look that passed with his indescribable smile across the intervening throng to a little crippled girl, standing wistfully in the yard of what seemed to be an orphanage. As he raised his hand in a sort of salute, the bystanders turned curiously toward the child. He glanced away hastily, but already a reporter in a hovering press car had caught the incident and was scribbling busily.

The manner of the people whom we passed was no less interesting. Some who had been cheering enthusiastically as the car approached with Lindbergh, suddenly became silent and stared almost in awe. Others who had been more self-contained broke out into shouts of acclaim, subsiding abruptly as the car went on, as though surprised at themselves. Girls with leveled cameras forgot to snap the shutters as they stared at Lindbergh's face. Boys at the almost sophisticated age abandoned their newly acquired dignity and ran after the car as hilariously as the younger ones.

Each time the car slowed, hundreds tried to

force their way close enough to touch the colonel. It was humanly impossible for him to shake hands with one thousandth of the vast number that eagerly sought to do so. Yet he stopped during a mad scramble through the lobby of his hotel to take the hand of a frightened little old lady whose timidly outstretched arm had been roughly brushed aside. Nor could the highest lady of any land have asked for a more gracious bow than the one that went with this act.

In the press interview that followed the parade he answered queries on aviation readily and to the point. After a few minutes a young woman reporter broke in on the rapid-fire of questions, and asked mischievously:

"Is it true, Colonel, that girls don't interest you at all?"

I thought that this would embarrass him greatly, but he only smiled.

"If you can show me what that has to do with aviation, I'll be glad to answer you," he replied agreeably.

"Then aviation is your only interest?" she persisted.

"That is the purpose of this tour, to promote aviation," he answered easily.

"Are you always so evasive," she inquired, pouting.

"I shall be glad to tell you anything I know —on aviation," he said politely.

She threw up her hands and surrendered.

When the reporters had gone, Lindbergh tiptoed to the door, snapped the lock and closed the transom. Then he came back to where Phil Love and I were opening a stack of telegrams and letters for his inspection.

"What happened to you?" he demanded amusedly, with a look at Phil's disarranged collar and tie, and his battered hat nearby.

Phil shook his red head emphatically.

"That's my last parade," he declared. "Two cops jumped on me in that jam downstairs. I'm going to wear a big sign from now on 'One of Lindbergh Party.' But that wasn't the worst. Somebody hit me on the head with a box of candy during the parade."

Lindbergh glanced around the reception room.

"Where is it?" he inquired. "Don't tell me you threw it away. I'm hungry."

At that he looked thoughtful, turning suddenly to stare at me almost accusingly.

"Say, where did we put lunch on our schedule?"

I stared back at him. The daily program called for taking off soon after breakfast and arriving at two o'clock at each city. Ceremonies and parades were scheduled to take nearly all the rest of the afternoon.

"It looks as though we don't eat," I answered at last.

"We might each carry a couple of ham sandwiches," Phil said to me in a stage whisper, at the same time putting the table between himself and the colonel.

Lindbergh seemed to ignore this thrust.

"We're not going clear around the United States without any lunch," he stated positively. "After this, let's order something as soon as we get to the hotel. Phil, that'll be your job. You don't have anything to do but fly, anyway."

A knock prevented Phil's indignant retort. As I admitted the committeeman who had been appointed to help us with routine matters, I witnessed a lightning-like transformation. "Slim" Lindbergh had gone, and in his place was the serious-eyed youth who had ridden before cheering thousands that afternoon. He greeted the newcomer courteously, conversed a few minutes and then started for his room to dress. I stopped him with a question.

"What shall we do with all these gifts?"

He went over to look at the candy and fruit piled on one table, and then glanced around at the gorgeous flowers that adorned the reception room.

"I'd like to have the people who sent these know I appreciate them," he said quietly. "Of course, there isn't time to thank them personally, but if the committee can help us, I'd like to have them know it. But I don't see why someone else shouldn't get some pleasure from them. We can't take anything with us, you know. Suppose you send them out to the hospitals—there's a children's hospital, isn't there?"

"Where you saw the little crippled girl?" I asked. "I think that was an orphanage."

"Well, send something out there too," he directed. "Divide them up."

"I'll help distribute them, Colonel," volunteered the committeeman. "And when you leave tomorrow I'll send out the flowers, too."

"Don't you think tonight would be better?" asked Lindbergh pleasantly, "I'm afraid they'll be faded by then."

He disappeared as though to forestall any comment. The committeeman looked at us inquiringly.

"If he's going to get dressed now, maybe I'd better send for a valet," he suggested.

Phil glanced at him sharply and then laughed.

"Not unless you want to start something," he responded. "He hates to be waited on."

There was no indication of that other side of the colonel until after we had returned from the banquet. Sorenson, the engine-man, had already gone to sleep, as he had to rise early. Phil was taking a warm shower, singing lustily to himself.

Lindbergh listened for a few seconds and then shook his head.

"We ought to do something about that," he said to me, with a peculiar gleam in his eyes which I soon learned was indicative of trouble. "You stand here and be ready to close the door."

He picked up a large pitcher of ice-water and noiselessly made his way toward the unsuspecting Love. The song ceased abruptly and a shrill yell rose in its place, followed by the sound of running feet. Lindbergh appeared, moving rapidly, with Phil close behind, murder in his eye.

I slammed the door just in time. Lindbergh turned the key and then nonchalantly prepared to go to bed. With the disgruntled enemy waiting outside, this seemed the only wise thing to do, so I followed his example, not without a thrill at sleeping in the same room with the man who had conquered the Atlantic single-handed.

CHAPTER II

A DISASTER AVERTED

THE next morning several waiters appeared with our breakfast. We overheard a mention of autographs and of rotating so that each one would be able to serve the colonel. Lindbergh looked dubious and finally beckoned me into another room.

"I don't want to hurt their feelings," he told me, "but we're going to lose a lot of time if we start that. The quickest way will be to wait on ourselves, if you'll ask them to leave everything on the table. Besides, this is our only chance to talk over things for the day."

The waiters were visibly disappointed, so Lindbergh autographed the cards they had brought before they departed.

"I don't mind the signing itself," he explained as we ate. "But if we aren't careful we'll lose a minute here and there and end up an hour late at the next city."

"What shall we do with all the requests that we get?" asked Phil. "People stopped me yesterday in the hall and insisted on giving me things for you to sign. And every time I poke my head out of the door some girl asks me if I'll introduce her to you."

Lindbergh reddened and for an instant I thought hostilities would be resumed. Then his expression changed swiftly and he became quite serious.

"Forgetting that last part—if it's a request that either of you think needs handling right away let me have it. But I think that the local committees should decide on requests, except those that come in the mail. And when we can't handle those we'll send them back to the Guggenheim Fund."

This matter decided, after careful consideration from both sides, his serious manner departed as quickly as it had come. These rapid transi-

tions from gravity to humor soon ceased to be of surprise when we were alone, but I was hardly prepared for anything of this kind in public.

The first instance came at a large amphitheater where the afternoon meeting was being held. The colonel had just received a very large bouquet from a young lady representing a local society. He thanked her graciously and turned around to put the flowers down while he gave his address. Just then his eye fell on me, and instantly there came that warning twinkle. With a perfectly impassive face he deposited the huge bouquet in my lap, then grinned delightedly, and turned back with an absolutely grave face to begin his speech on commercial aviation.

Later on, our custom of sending flowers to hospitals brought about an odd situation at one city. On our arrival at the hotel we had found several beautiful bouquets and had sent them to two or three hospitals. But when we came back to the reception room after dressing for dinner it was again filled with flowers.

Lindbergh look at me inquiringly.

"Did you forget about them?" he asked.

"No, these have been brought in just now," I told him.

"Well, let's send these out, too," he suggested.

This was done, yet on our return from the banquet still a third supply filled the room.

"You're certainly popular in this city," I told the colonel, as I rang for the bell captain. "This is the record."

After the bellhops had departed with the flowers someone knocked at the door.

"The police want to know if they should keep on letting the florist in here," stated the committeeman who entered.

"What florist?" I asked.

"The one downstairs. He has orders from the hotel to keep fresh flowers in here until the colonel leaves. But the police say that one man has been bringing them in and another taking them out for the last four hours. They think there's something crooked about it."

A chuckle told where Lindbergh had vanished in the direction of his room. The committeeman stared at us in pained astonishment as we laughed outright.

"It's a good thing we found it out," said Phil, after we had explained. "We'd have had the hotel bankrupt by morning."

Often we were glad to have such gifts to help soften a refusal that we could not avoid. One request in particular was hard to deny. This was that Colonel Lindbergh visit the hospitals, especially those for children and war veterans, and go through the wards. Our difficult schedule and limited time made this impossible in most cases, but Lindbergh always did the best he could.

"I'd like to do it," he said when I showed him a letter signed by every crippled child in one of the hospitals. "But since there isn't time I'll fly over the building tomorrow and circle as low as I can, so they can see the Spirit of St. Louis. They'll enjoy that more, anyway."

The inability to grant these pleading requests always left him a little sober. We were glad when incidents of less serious nature occurred, so that our small leisure time was more pleasant, even though one of our party was frequently the victim.

Lack of realization that we were making the trip with Lindbergh frequently resulted in humorous complications. The first occasion was on the delivery of our late afternoon lunch, after we had reached the hotel. As the food for three of us was being brought through the corridor, a zealous but not well-informed reporter checked off the items and then dashed for a telephone. The latest edition of his paper carried this story:

COLONEL LINDBERGH EATS HEARTY MEAL BEFORE BANQUET

Not two hours before leaving his hotel for the banquet given in his honor, Colonel Lindbergh had the following luncheon brought to his room:

4 *club house sandwiches*
3 *pimento cheese sandwiches*
1 *potato salad*
1 *double order potatoes au gratin*
1 *order sliced tomatoes*
1 *pot of coffee*
2 *bottles of milk*
1 *fruit salad*
1 *apple pie à la mode*

That night an unsual interest was manifest among those who attended the banquet, an interest that amounted to fascination as many of the guests watched the colonel composedly finish the major portion of roast capon, dressing, vegetables, salad, dessert, and the usual accessories.

More than once difficulties arose over the matter of banquets. At first there were several requests for Colonel Lindbergh to divide his banquet period by eating a course in one room, the second in another, and so on, so that a much larger assemblage would have the chance to see him. Such a procedure as this would obviously have been impossible for him to keep up for three months, and we had to consider each request in the light of a precedent for future instances.

Our standard program had been arranged to provide for such a contingency, and these requests were soon withdrawn after we had explained the heavy burden this would place upon the colonel. This was fortunate, for an assent in one or two such cases might have been used

as a precedent on at least one occasion where the leading hotels could not agree. It had been planned to have the colonel whisked from one to another, with a short talk following a course or two at each. But the authorities quickly saw that this was undesirable.

Ordinarily, there were few unreasonable requests by those in charge of the programs, for they usually appreciated the strain of the long tour and the pressure to which Colonel Lindbergh was constantly subjected.

One afternoon, not long after beginning the tour, a reception committee hesitatingly requested Lindbergh to visit the State prison, which was located near the city where we were stopping.

"We told the boys up there we'd ask you, Colonel," said the chairman. "Of course, if you'd rather not, we'll call it off."

"I have no objection at all," Lindbergh answered quietly.

Afterward, as he stood at the edge of a parapet and looked down into the prison yard, I saw a remarkable demonstration. There was no

word spoken at first, as the gray clad men grouped below stared up at him. Nor was there any sign of maudlin sentiment in Lindbergh's eyes as he looked back. But there seemed to be some kind of understanding between him and these men who were denied the liberty that to him meant life itself. There was a long interval of silence, broken suddenly as someone led a cheer for the colonel. He raised his hand in a simple gesture of acknowledgment, and then turned to go. Until he was out of sight the men in the yard watched him intently, as though they sought to catch something of his spirit and keep it with them.

Soon after this, an incident occurred which forced us to consider new methods of safeguarding crowds at airports. A photographer, eager for a "scoop" picture of Colonel Lindbergh looking out from the window of the Spirit of St. Louis, broke away from the rest of the press cameramen and dashed directly in front of the slowly taxiing ship.

Unaware of this because of the huge gas tank before him, Lindbergh opened his throttle to

take the plane up a slight incline. The Spirit of St. Louis jumped forward, its flashing steel propeller hissing through the air straight toward the man in front.

An airport attendant shouted a warning, and Lindbergh jerked his throttle back, the propeller missing the photographer by less than three inches. In an attempt to make light of his escape, or perhaps even ignorant of what to us seemed a miracle, the man began to laugh.

Lindbergh looked at him steadily for a moment and then beckoned him to the side of the ship. The man's laugh died as he saw the expression in the colonel's eyes.

"Do you know you just missed being killed?" Lindbergh asked him sternly.

The photographer mumbled an inaudible reply.

"We're trying hard to complete this tour without hurting anyone," Lindbergh went on. "But if everyone acted as you did we wouldn't get very far. The other photographers waited as they were asked to do. You took a foolish

risk—and nearly got killed. Don't ever cross in front of an airplane again."

The man stepped back, somewhat dazed. The colonel's voice had not been raised to carry to the onlookers, nor had his tone been biting, but his words had been quietly convincing. Undoubtedly, that photographer will never again come close to the business end of an airplane.

That night Lindbergh called a conference on this matter.

"Wire Kusterer to tighten up on precautions," he told me. "People simply don't understand about this danger, so we'll have to watch out for them. From now on, when you land at an airport, explain this situation carefully and ask the committee to keep everyone off the field and out of the enclosure until my engine is stopped."

Phil shook his head dubiously.

"We've tried it already, but they don't always believe it's so serious. When we insist they think we're getting hard-boiled without any real reason."

Lindbergh listened patiently and then went on.

"I know it's not easy to ask, especially when the committee and others have worked so hard, but we can't help it. If you tell them that the Spirit of St. Louis is 'blind,' and that I might taxi right into people without seeing them, they will listen."

He thought for a few seconds and continued determinedly.

"But if you can't get everything cleared, you'll have to signal me not to land. I'll watch for one of you, or else your plane in the middle of the field, if things look bad, and I'll circle around until you wave me down."

We agreed that he was right, though we disliked to request committeemen who had worked hard for weeks not to ask for special privileges at that first moment when the flying colonel came to earth. Nor were we able to impress them in many cases with the necessity for the utmost precaution.

"Our people aren't like that," more than one committeeman assured Phil and me, when we

asked them to place a stronger guard between the landing area and the crowd. "You've been used to places where they have the mob instinct. But our people wouldn't think of rushing out and forgetting themselves like that."

The first time this was told us we were somewhat impressed, for this was in New England where, as we knew, a dominant characteristic of the people is strict self-possession. But when Lindbergh landed, the dignified New Englanders astonished even themselves in their sudden enthusiasm, and we found that guards were needed here as well as at any other place.

It was not difficult to understand the apparent thoughtlessness of the great crowds that kept us watching anxiously at each landing field until the Spirit of St. Louis had been safely housed. In almost every case this was the first real view the citizens of that community had had of Colonel Lindbergh and his famous ship. They had read of him, had stared at him and his plane upon the moving picture screen, and had talked of him until they almost felt they

knew him. But still they had not actually seen him.

Small wonder then, that when the shining wings of the Spirit of St. Louis came skimming down out of the sky they forgot all natural restraint in a tremendous outburst of acclaim. Even the soldiers and police stationed at close intervals along the massed borders of the fields often forgot their orders and faced about, staring in awe like the rest.

Sometimes that almost inevitable moment passed without unfortunate result, but several times the throngs unconsciously took advantage of the guards' relaxation, rushing out onto the landing area in an all but hysterical tumult that nothing then could stem.

After one or two cases of this kind we found it necessary to recommend holding the crowds behind enclosures or fences, mainly for their own protection. This proved very helpful, though at one time the placing of the woven wire fence too close to the runway nearly caused an accident.

Colonel Lindbergh had circled the airport

once or twice as usual before landing. Then, dropping one wing of the transatlantic plane, he expertly side-slipped earthward, glancing quickly from one window and then the other of his narrow, "blind" cabin, to see that the field was clear before he leveled off. We guessed that he was taking even more than his customary care, on account of the nearness of the wire barrier and the waiting crowd behind it.

As the wheels touched the ground, the throng broke into a joyful bedlam, while those behind struggled and pushed to displace the others packed tightly against the fence.

The Spirit of St. Louis ran along easily, while Lindbergh held his rudder to the left to overcome the effect of the cross wind in which he had been forced to land. But just at the moment when the lessened speed reduced the power of his controls, an unexpected shift of wind direction and a sloping ground caused the plane's nose to veer to the right.

With more space, only a few seconds of wide-open throttle would have been needed to send a blast of air back upon the rudder, giving Lind-

bergh control at once. But already the plane was headed down the slight grade, directly toward the helpless people jammed into the fence. There was only a hundred feet between —hardly room enough for the colonel to complete his turn safely. And that wire would be like thread under the impact of the propeller!

With the airport officials at our heels, Phil Love and I raced after the plane, hoping to catch a strut and swing it around. But we were not needed, even if we could have caught up. Lindbergh had already made a swift survey of the situation, and his hand had moved almost simultaneously. The engine died as he snapped off the switch. The propeller slowed, jerked through a few more revolutions, and then stopped. The transatlantic plane drifted harmlessly against the fence.

An error in judgment, a second's panic in deciding whether to speed up to make the turn, or whether to shut off the engine, and there might have been tragedy. Lack of knowledge as to how long the propeller would continue to

revolve, slowness in realizing that the plane was on the down grade—either of these would have been sufficient. But Lindbergh's mind had functioned with the rapidity of a sensitive mechanism in that moment when the safety of lives depended on him alone.

Though we breathed more freely when the propeller of the Spirit of St. Louis had ceased to rotate after each landing, this was by no means the end of all difficulties at airports.

Photographers accustomed to more willing subjects often forgot Lindbergh's honest dislike for posing and for artificial gestures. Phil and I frequently would hint that they could secure better pictures by not asking for unnatural positions and motions. The majority were willing to follow our suggestions but in the excitement two or three would forget and shout contradictory orders:

"Come on now, Colonel—give us that famous smile! Shake hands with the mayor—look this way, Lindy,—Hold it! Wave your hand, Colonel. Come on with that smile!"—until a double-headed man with as many arms as an

octopus would have despaired of complying with their demands.

Under it all, he performed his part with a patience that was remarkable, only insisting on that one point of safety in landing his plane.

CHAPTER III

BLIND FLYING

ONE afternoon there was a sudden and unexpected cessation of attention from the crowd that swirled as usual about the airport. Lindbergh had been escorted through the hangar and out to his car by a side door, and for a few seconds was unnoticed.

Phil had decided to ride in a press car just ahead, which by some chance had been decorated similarly to that carrying the colonel. Climbing into the rather crowded tonneau he found a seat, evidently upon a camera box, which raised him above the other occupants. Though he bore no particular resemblance to Lindbergh, his light, rather curly hair and his high color for the moment caught the searching eyes of the spectators. Instantly the customary shout arose, "There he is!"

Immediately there followed a rain of confetti and a barrage of flowers. As the press car moved on, the crowd saw Lindbergh and realized its error, but those along the line had already taken up the cry, and to the colonel's great amusement continued to mistake the now discomforted Love for the transatlantic hero.

With a blush as red as his hair, Phil stood up suddenly and waved excitedly toward the car behind, only to be deluged with a flower and paper storm from a joy-mad throng that mistook this for a gracious acknowledgment. Lindbergh laughed unrestrainedly, as Phil disgustedly sank down into the car and sought to hide himself. The chairman of the committee, chagrined at what to Lindbergh was the funniest incident for many a day, hastily sent a motorcycle policeman to order the press car behind.

In almost every case, the unusual happenings of the tour gave some new insight into the colonel's interesting character, or affirmed some admirable trait. Boston furnished two instances of this kind. The distance to be traveled and

the extensive program at the Hub City made it impossible to include a trip through the Naval Hospital wards. However, the committee had finally agreed that Lindbergh should be driven slowly through the grounds, where all but the bed patients would be grouped.

As the car reached the main building, the Commanding Officer halted it and opened the door. Colonel Lindbergh started to get out, but a committeeman came forward hurriedly.

"We haven't time to stop, Colonel," he said anxiously. "There is only time to drive through. That was what was arranged."

Lindbergh glanced back at the waiting officer, whose face held a silent plea. His blue eyes were troubled as he spoke, and there was a genuine regret in his voice.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said kindly. "You understand how it is—but I wish you would tell the patients inside that I would have come in to see them if I could."

Then he was moving on, though the troubled look did not leave his eyes until the hospital was far behind.

Many weeks later, a similar situation occurred. But as we left the hospital a plaintive voice from a group of crippled veterans was heard to say:

"They promised us he would stop and talk to us."

Lindbergh bent over toward me, and quietly asked me to check up on the arrangements. It developed that at the last moment a stop and a short talk had been included for the hospital at this city.

"That's too bad," said the colonel quickly. "Ask the chairman if he'll take me back there, after the open-air meeting is over."

Back we went, only to find that the patients had been taken to their wards. Lindbergh approached the commanding officer.

"I have made a mistake," he announced. "Would it be too much trouble to let me go through the wards and see your men? I would like to have them know that I did not purposely break my word."

Had this been possible at Boston, undoubt-

edly he would have returned to the Naval Hospital for such a visit.

By chance, the morning of our departure coincided with that on which Boston was welcoming Commander Byrd with his plucky crew, and Clarence Chamberlin, and Lieutenants Maitland and Hegenberger. The committee planned to include the colonel with the other pilots in the morning ceremonies. Learning this, Lindbergh requested that he be allowed to be a spectator.

"Boston will have said 'hello' to me," he explained. "I would rather watch than to take a part of their day."

But the committee insisted, saying that this was a reception to all of the transoceanic flyers. Lindbergh finally agreed, but during the entire demonstration he attempted to efface himself as much as possible.

When we reached the airport for our take-off to Portland we found a low, thick fog covering the field and the surrounding territory. Weather reports showed that this existed beyond Portland.

"It's a tough break, losing a day so soon on your trip," observed one of the airport officers, as we watched the sullen fog clouds drift in from seaward. "But nobody would expect a man to fly through that stuff, especially clear to Portland."

Lindbergh seemed not to have heard him. He walked out for a long glance up and down the field. Then he turned about briskly.

"Will you have the ship rolled out, please," he asked the officer-in-charge.

The officer's jaw all but dropped.

"You're going ahead, through all that?" he demanded.

The colonel nodded.

"Yes, they're expecting me so I'm going to try to make it. It isn't as bad as it looks. The flying won't be hard; I've seen worse days on the mail. The only trouble will be at Portland, if the airport is covered with fog."

The other man was about to argue with him, but Lindbergh had already put on his helmet and was critically inspecting the Spirit of St. Louis. The officer looked at us helplessly.

"What can you do with a fellow like that?" he demanded. "Nothing on earth can stop him, and yet if anything happens to him the whole country will blame me for letting him go."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry," returned Phil Love. "He'll get down all right, even if he doesn't get through."

But though his tone was light, I saw that he was anxious as he watched Lindbergh warm his engine and signal the mechanics to pull the wheel blocks. Actuated by a sudden impulse—a feeling that was more than admiration for a courage in keeping his word under any circumstances—I ran to the side of the ship.

"Don't take any more chances than you have to, Slim," I begged, not realizing that I was saying his nickname for the first time, though I had envied Phil Love his easy use of it. "Your getting down safely is more important than the tour, any time."

He smiled.

"I'll be all right," he assured me. "With these instruments I can get through the fog, and

if I can't find the Portland Airport I'll drop in somewhere else."

With a cheery wave of his hand at the crowd that watched in awestruck silence, he pushed open his throttle and was almost instantly lost in the gray mists that clung to the ground.

The plan of taking off before Lindbergh with which we had started the tour had already proved wrong. The colonel had sometimes been delayed by last minute requests which we found we could avert by remaining on the ground until he left. Our new scheme was to follow immediately after him, flying near the Spirit of St. Louis until we were within a short distance of our next stop. We would then head straight for the field. Lindbergh would circle above some city which had requested such a visit before coming on for his landing.

But on this day Phil Love was hesitant about taking anyone with him through that dense fog. As a mail pilot on the same route over which Lindbergh had flown, he was used to flying in fog, but alone.

"Besides, the bank and turn indicator has

been a little off," he told Sorenson and me. "I don't like to start with you in there unless it's working right."

As the fog about the airport dissipated slightly, he decided to make a brief test flight, but no sooner had he taken off than the mist clouds rolled in thicker than ever, so that even the men close to us on the field seemed like gray wraiths as they moved about.

We could hear the roar of Phil's engine as he flew back and forth above us, searching for an open spot in the fog. Then the sound died away. Sorenson and I waited for half an hour and then decided that Phil had gone to Portland. An official of a local company courteously offered to drive us there, and secured a State trooper to clear our way. Just as we were leaving we received a report that the Spirit of St. Louis had been seen in a blinding rain circling Lynn and Worcester, as Lindbergh had promised to do.

For several hours we plunged and skidded along the wet highway, striving to pierce the gloomy fog that sifted through the trees almost

to the ground and covered the whole countryside. During all that time there was but one insistent thought in our minds: Where were the two ships, and were Slim and Phil safe?

Were they down, perhaps in an isolated field or meadow, but on the ground, and safe? Or were they still fighting their way through that seemingly endless world of mist, searching, hoping for a second when it would clear and show them a spot in which to land?

Had we known less of the difficulties of blind flying we should not have worried so much. But we knew that on such a day, when the ground and the sky were completely hidden from them, and perhaps their very wing tips blotted out by the swirling fog, their utmost skill was needed to bring them safely through.

I could almost see the cockpit of the Spirit of St. Louis, and watch Lindbergh's eyes as they passed quickly but methodically from one instrument to another. Only by his perfect understanding of that set of instruments before him, and his calm vigilance in reading them

correctly, could he win that battle with the elements.

It would almost be the same as the fight he had waged with the fog on the transatlantic flight. From the compass which kept him on his course, his eyes would have to go on rapidly to the bank-and-turn indicator. This would tell him whether he was flying straight or turning, and how steeply the wings of his ship were inclined, if he was not in level flight. Next, to the altimeter, so that he would not get dangerously close to the ground. With this, he must coördinate his knowledge of the particular terrain below, remembering whether it was rising or not, so that the sea-level altimeter would not betray him through a false sense of security.

From the altimeter his glance would have to go to the engine tachometer and the air speed meter, so that he would be warned if the plane was climbing or diving, the first of which might lead him to a stall, the other perhaps to destruction if it were not quickly corrected.

At intervals his eyes would have to pass on to

the clock, so that he could estimate the distance to be checked off on his map. Without this method of locating himself approximately he would indeed be lost. When he could find a spare second he would shoot a swift glance at the oil pressure and temperature gauges. Thus the cycle would end—to begin again, at once. And this must go on, over and over, until the grudging fog gave up and showed him the land below.

All of this while he hurtled along at almost a hundred miles an hour!

Blind flying such as this is the supreme test of any pilot. Some can not stand this rapid movement above a hidden world, nor the haunting fear that they may have calculated erroneously and may be about to crash into some unseen obstacle. Sometimes their senses tell them that the instruments are wrong. They break under the strain imposed by their lack of confidence in their ability and realization of their own weakness. In desperation they climb up higher in the effort to pull out of the enshrouding fog, sometimes reaching clear air only at a high alti-

tude. At this height they cruise along miserably, afraid to come back through the mists, wondering where they are, and tortured by the knowledge that their gas is being used up and they soon must plunge back into that terrifying realm of blindness.

Or else they dive down with the hope of finding a clear spot close to the ground, where they can make a forced landing. Sometimes they succeed, but sometimes disaster comes without warning as the earth appears through the fog too late to avoid a crash.

Panic is fatal in this kind of flying. Only the man with utmost calmness and perfect understanding of his instruments can keep it up hour after hour. Though we knew that both Slim and Phil were experts at this, after their long experience with the air mail service, we could not dispel our fears for those two courageous fellows to whom keeping their word meant more than the perils of that murky day.

At last we dashed across the Maine border and soon were nearing Portland. Just then we saw an excited procession going in the opposite

direction. Following hastily, we found Phil and the advance plane in a field incredibly small for the landing of such a ship.

"Where's Slim?" were his first words.

We told him we had just arrived, and that we did not know.

"How did you manage to get in here?" I demanded, after another look at the meadow.

"It was the first place I saw that was bigger than a table cloth," he said. "I came clear across New Hampshire without even seeing it. But let's get to a telephone. Slim ought to be down somewhere. He passed right over me after I landed, but I couldn't see him. The fog shut down just as my wheels hit the ground."

Ten minutes later we heard with heartfelt relief that Lindbergh had landed at Concord. In a short time we heard his voice on the telephone.

"Tell the people at Portland I reached the city on time," he said, without a hint in his tone of the exciting afternoon he had just finished. "I circled around about three hours and a half,

trying to find a hole in the fog near their airport. I could have landed about 20 miles from there, but I didn't want to leave the Spirit of St. Louis unguarded."

Only after his gas had begun to run low had he turned west and headed for Concord, which, as he had expected, was far enough inland to be free from the mists along the coast.

The next day, after another trying flight through fog almost as bad as that of the preceding day, he landed on Old Orchard Beach, near Portland.

A crowd gathered almost at once, but he managed to get the Spirit of St. Louis into a private hangar. The next two hours were spent in carrying out the program that had been scheduled for the preceding day.

There still remained about three hours before the official banquet. Phil and I, realizing the trying hours that Lindbergh had undergone in the last two days, determined that we would keep this period free from interruptions so that he could rest.

But hardly had we instructed the officer at the door that no one could see the colonel when he came in extremely disturbed.

"There's a man out there who says he's Colonel Lindbergh's uncle," he announced. "I told him what you said, and he wants to see you. He seems a bit put out about it."

Although the tour had hardly begun we had already been visited by several people who claimed relationship with the colonel, and who proved to have no such connection. However, I took no chances, but went into the next room, where Lindbergh was resting.

"Have you an uncle living anywhere around here?" I asked him.

He shook his head.

"No one in this part of the country. Why—have you found some more relatives?"

I explained briefly. Then I went out into the hall. A middle-aged man was talking to the policeman, who was still firmly refusing him admittance. He turned as he saw me.

"I'm Charles' uncle," he explained. "I just

came over from Poland Springs to see him. But this man won't let me in."

I thought for a second. Poland Springs was only a comparatively short distance from Portland. Certainly Lindbergh would have considered it to be in that section of the United States.

"I'm sorry, but no one can see the colonel this afternoon," I said. "If you'll leave your card I'll see about it later. He is resting now."

But our visitor was through. Plainly indignant, he turned and walked away.

"You're sure you haven't any uncle living near Poland Springs?" I asked Lindbergh afterwards. "This man didn't seem like the others who tried to fake a relationship with you."

"How did he look?" Lindbergh inquired.

I described our caller carefully. The colonel suddenly sat up.

"That's my uncle from Detroit!" he exclaimed. "John Cabot Lodge—didn't he tell you his name?"

"No, he didn't mention it," I said. "He

seemed to think you'd know about Poland Springs."

"Well, you're in for it now," said Phil with a chuckle. "John Lodge is chairman of the Common Council at Detroit and slated to be mayor. You'll be in jail five minutes after we land there."

"That's right," assented the colonel amusedly. "You'd better skip Detroit and wait for us at Grand Rapids."

That night he saw his uncle at the banquet and explained the affair. A few minutes later Mr. Lodge looked over at me and laughed. It developed that he was spending a vacation at Poland Springs and that he had sent Colonel Lindbergh a message, but it had not been received. I decided to examine the credentials of all "relatives" more carefully thereafter.

CHAPTER IV

SURPRISE ATTACKS

AFTER Lindbergh's long hours in the air these two days it might have been expected that he would not go out of his way to do any unnecessary flying. But he called us together to consider this very thing.

"What do you say we go sightseeing?" he asked eagerly. "This is our big chance to see every interesting place in the United States. There are some mountains and lakes right here in New England that we oughtn't to miss. And out west there's Glacier Park, Yellowstone, Crater Lake and a lot of other places."

"All right with me," said Phil laconically. "But it'll mean getting up mighty early sometimes."

"I'd like to see the Grand Canyon and Death

Valley," cut in Sorenson. "And Mt. Rainier, too."

Lindbergh glanced inquiringly at me.

"Count me in," I told him readily. "I've always wanted to see those places. We ought to get some good pictures."

Lindbergh beamed at our complete accordance with his suggestion.

"All right, we'll start in tomorrow. But we'll have to keep this quiet, or someone will be trying to stop us from flying around in the mountain country, though it's perfectly safe with these engines."

"They'll check up on the distance between cities, and figure we've taken a lot of extra time," declared Phil. "How are you going to get around that?"

"You can always find a head wind if you look hard enough," responded Lindbergh. "And one of us might get lost and the other would have to look around for him. Most anything might happen."

Next day we began our sightseeing, heading the two ships up into the White Mountains. At

first we stayed fairly close together, but soon Lindbergh dived down away from us, twisting in and out between two picturesque peaks. I was wishing we could fly close enough to watch the Colonel's skilful handling of his beautiful ship, but when I mentioned this to Phil he shook his head.

"It's a little bad right here," he said. "We'll get plenty of closeups later on—look at Slim!"

I glanced down hurriedly. He had started up a pass which had suddenly become choked with clouds. Heading into them would have meant taking a big chance by flying blindly between the rock walls. With incredible quickness, he dropped the plane into a right-angle bank, expertly pivoting back on his course.

"If we'd been behind him then, when he kicked around, we might have cracked into him," Phil pointed out calmly. "Remember, he can't see in all directions out of that ship."

Lindbergh's ability to decide and do things quickly, as exemplified at this time, was what first attracted universal attention to him. When he made his unintentionally dramatic entrance

into the spotlight on the flight from San Diego to New York, the public mistakenly saw him as an impulsive youth who had made up his mind almost overnight that he was going to Paris. His success in completing that flight was frequently set down as luck, and the nickname of "Lucky Lindy" held a strong popularity.

That name has almost been forgotten with the realization that back of his quickness in starting on the New York to Paris flight there was careful planning and a background of valuable experience.

Lindbergh's experience is unique. It includes months of barnstorming, completion of the exacting Army cadet course, and the gruelling test of night air mail service.

The first, probably more than either of the others, is responsible for his strong initiative. As a "gypsy" flyer, wandering constantly across new territory, seldom knowing in advance where he would land, he came to acquire a total disregard for established air routes, and a quiet confidence in his ability to navigate an airplane in strange country and to land it in a minimum of space.

This disregard for regular airways was always manifest during the United States Tour. In planning each day's flight, Lindbergh drew a straight line between the cities over which he wished to fly. He never stayed close to railroad lines or highways to be sure of his position, nor did he ever deviate because of bad country to be traversed, though an interesting bit of scenery was enough to draw him, temporarily, miles from his course. However, he never let this interfere with arriving on time at our scheduled stops.

He has been said to possess a peculiar instinct for knowing where he is at all times, but the greater part of this is a result of his careful and systematic navigation. Whenever he plans a trip he lays down his course on each of the maps which he will use, marks off the distances in units usually of ten miles, and then arranges the maps in the proper order. This is his ground work. The rest is accurate reading of those maps when he is in the air. On the tour he always seemed to enjoy navigation, and to regard it under ordinary conditions as a pastime.

"It's the best lesson in geography you can have," he said to me at one time. "You start out from plain country, with nothing but the map to indicate a mountain range a hundred and fifty miles away. After a while you start looking for the bluish haze that means the mountains, and pretty soon it shows up. It's something like sighting land coming in from sea.

"But there's more to it than that. You look on your map and see that there ought to be a main highway parallel to a railroad about ten miles ahead. And off to one side there ought to be a river, cutting diagonally across your course. Then in a few minutes you see all three of them, and you start looking for new marks. It's always interesting because it is never the same, except when you fly on one route all the time. And it gives you a good idea of the country that you couldn't get in any other way."

Many times when we flew across country together his enjoyment of watching the map become "alive" was easily apparent. He would constantly fly with one hand on the control stick and the other holding the map, properly folded

so that he could check the ground beneath, even when such close navigating was not necessary.

Lindbergh's calmness comes in good stead at times like this when flying close to other planes, where a mistake might cause a serious accident. He carries in his mind not only the movement of his own plane but also that of his neighbor, planning perhaps subconsciously what he will do in case of any sudden maneuver by the other pilot.

Quickness on the controls, automatic action on rudder and throttle while his eyes are on the nearby ship—these are part of Lindbergh's ease in placing his plane where he wishes in relation to both moving and stationary objects. Without that perfect "feel" of his ship he would have to look frequently from his instruments to the other plane, in which fraction of time something might happen at those close quarters.

There were many examples of this when he flew close to the advance plane. Sometimes, Sorenson and I would be reading or sleeping peacefully, if there were no particularly attractive scenery below. Except at high altitudes, we usually carried a supply of books, magazines,

and pillows, in spite of Phil's strenuous insistence that he could hardly make the ship stagger into the air under this extra load, for in addition we carried almost all of the tour baggage.

When Lindbergh caught us dozing he would signal Phil to carry out a trick which the two had discovered would cause a peculiar phenomenon. Phil would shove the control stick ahead rather abruptly, sending the nose of the plane into a sudden dive. Sorenson and I, involuntarily and quite unwillingly obeying the law of inertia, would find ourselves almost up to the roof of the cabin as we awoke, together with handbags, magazines and all the rest of the baggage that was not stowed tightly under the seats.

Another jerk at the stick, this time backward, and we would come down as swiftly as we had gone up—sometimes in our seats, but just as frequently on the floor or on top of each other.

This performance never failed to amuse Lindbergh as he watched from the Spirit of St. Louis, especially when we attempted to retaliate, for every time we started after Phil he simply threw us back up into the top. We could only revenge

ourselves safely after we had landed, and then the presence of the committees and the spectators prevented it. This demonstration of the laws of gravity and inertia occurred so many times that we finally adopted the precaution of using safety belts before relaxing to read or to nap, though there was no other need for these devices in a cabin plane.

Once or twice some unobserved communication by means of pantomime went on while we were flying near the Spirit of St. Louis to get close-up pictures. Lindbergh would signal Phil to nose up or down as I released the shutter or else he himself would drop his own ship, so that instead of getting a good view of the transatlantic plane I would snap an expanse of barren sky or part of our own wing.

Yet even when he seemed utterly engrossed in these not entirely necessary manuevers, Lindbergh did not forget safety precautions. Whenever these operations occurred, which was rather too often, he always ruddered the Spirit of St. Louis slightly off to one side so that if the advance plane deviated a few degrees before resum-

ing its level course, the ships would not be too close together.

Sometimes, after he had left us in order to fly over some out-of-the-way town, Lindbergh would calculate our position and set his course to catch up with us. This in itself was no ordinary problem in navigation, but one which he found of no difficulty.

When he sighted us cruising leisurely along, he would frequently come up straight behind to avoid being seen. Then, with wide open throttle, he would pull out to one side and dash by as though we were standing still. Before we had time to realize what happened, he would idle his engine, drop back and get in a position where his plane was hidden.

From this point of vantage he would parallel each movement of the advance plane, probably laughing to himself at Phil's endeavors to locate him. At last, when we had finally decided that he had dropped down to explore the country below, he would shoot beneath us at a safe distance and tear away in the lead, leaning out to wave us a mocking farewell.

On one such occasion we had no idea he was within miles of us and Phil had taken advantage of the opportunity to try out an idea.

"This plane will almost fly itself," he had said more than once, and now at a safely high altitude he proceeded to attach cords to the rudder bar and to climb upon the back of his seat, guiding the plane much like a man driving a horse from a high wagon.

All went well for several minutes, the plane flying without more than an occasional gentle pull at one of the cords. But suddenly a shadow shot across our left window. We looked around just in time to see the Spirit of St. Louis shoot by, Lindbergh grinning in anticipation.

The transatlantic plane swerved sharply as it came into line ahead, so that under Lindbergh's too-skilful direction the propeller blast of his engine swept straight back at us.

The advance plane rocked and careened under this attack. Phil grabbed for the stick, leveled the wings and shook his fist at Lindbergh, as the latter slowed up to note the effect of his performance.

Apparently not satisfied, the colonel drew off to one side and delivered another propeller blast from a different angle, so that we were turned off our course and headed in the general direction of Mexico.

"I'll fix him," declared Phil, jumping back into the pilot's seat and heading after the Spirit of St. Louis—but in vain. Lindbergh banked steeply and slipped far down beneath us, to come up more than a hundred yards on the other side.

Flying like this might seem hazardous, but at no time was this the case. Realizing the difficulty of maneuvering the more heavily loaded advance plane, Lindbergh never took any chances but always held to "safety first."

Even without the unusual skill of Phil Love, none of the advance party would have felt endangered at any time, for Lindbergh is an expert at close flying. Part of this comes as a result of barnstorming days and exhibitions, and part from his hours of formation flights in the Army.

Yet with all his ability to handle a plane under any and all circumstances, Lindbergh never became foolhardy or careless. His deviations

from routine flight were made with quick but accurate calculations, based on his experience. He never strained the ship he was flying. Sometimes during the tour newspapers mentioned his stunting the Spirit of St. Louis, but this was a mistake. On approaching each airport he would come in at a fast glide under power, fly across the field and then pull up into a steep climb, usually at a slightly crooked angle. Turning back, he would approach slowly and land. Yet this was the maneuver which was several times described as "an amazing exhibition of stunting."

Few realized that this was caused by Lindbergh's care for the crowds.

"I can see the field better, dragging over it that way," he explained to us one night. "I can tell if there is enough of a barrier to keep people back from getting hurt. I zoom up at the middle of the field to get altitude for going back and making a slow landing. Besides, it gives people a good chance to see the ship from all parts of the field. But it certainly isn't a stunt—the ship wasn't built for that purpose."

There was one occasion, however, when Lind-

bergh surprised one of the Army's most experienced pursuit pilots with his handling of the Spirit of St. Louis, but still without actually "stunting" the transatlantic ship. Major Thomas Lanphier, Commanding Officer of the First Pursuit Group, and an intimate friend of the colonel, had dropped in one afternoon with an Army pursuit plane at the city where we were stopping. The next morning he took off after we had started and soon caught up with us. But no sooner had he swung into a position nearby than Colonel Lindbergh swiftly maneuvered the Spirit of St. Louis into a strategic point on the tail of the other plane.

Lanphier, immediately catching the spirit of the moment, began a brisk "dog fight," though not engaging his "enemy" at such close quarters as he might have done had both ships been of the same type. Around and around, dodging and doubling, went the two planes, with honors fairly even. This odd combat ceased only when Lanphier had to leave us to follow a different course.

We saw him a day or two later.

"Slim, you certainly had me going for a little

bit," he said with a good-natured laugh. "I didn't know you could kick that old bus around like that."

Lindbergh grinned.

"I was a little surprised, myself," he replied.

This friendly air battle relieved some of the vague fears we had had on account of the blindness of the Spirit of St. Louis. Though we knew that Lindbergh's magnificent piloting would bring him through any situation if it were humanly possible, at first we were afraid he might approach some danger head on and be unaware of its existence because of the large gas tank before him. Phil, in particular, always watched out for obstacles which might develop into perils for the colonel.

His solicitude for his companion of Army and air mail days was demonstrated on the afternoon when we flew over Niagara Falls. Though the day was misty, we circled fairly low to see the magnificent cataracts and for a view of Goat Island. Suddenly several high-tension transmission lines loomed up ahead. Phil zoomed over them without difficulty, but he looked worried.

"I think we'd better stay here and warn Slim about those wires," he said. "I just saw them in time, and our ship has full vision."

But as we waited, the gray mist that had been falling grew into an almost impenetrable cloud.

"We'll have to get out of here," Phil decided quickly. "There's more chance of our bumping into each other in this stuff than of his hitting the wires."

We were more than thankful though when out of the low clouds above the Buffalo airport came the shining silvery wings of the transatlantic plane.

Frequently when that ship came soaring down out of the sky I wondered what its pilot's sensations had been on that eventful flight across the sea.

He had mentioned it in a casual way one evening but only to describe the action of his compass and the weather conditions he had encountered. He spoke as casually as though he were telling of a trip around an airport.

Gradually the realization came to me that he had never described his emotions in any situation,

and that probably he never would. Their accurate portrayal would undoubtedly prove him more keenly sensitive than the average man, to all that goes on about him, but he forestalls any reference to his feelings, whenever possible.

Once, when the conversation had veered in this direction, he broke off with the remark that it was time to plan the next day's flying schedule.

This was a task he always assumed as his own. The day's route had to be made up after considering the numerous requests from cities asking him to fly over them. When the course had been decided, he would compute the total distance and then estimate the flying time needed. Half an hour was added to allow the advance plane to arrive ahead of the Spirit of St. Louis. Two hours covered the time for dressing, breakfast, packing, driving to the airport and warming up the engines. He usually added thirty to forty minutes for emergencies. Subtracting this total from 2 o'clock gave the hour of arising, which was often undesirably early.

"I'm going to make it three-quarters of an hour for dressing," Lindbergh said to me one night.

"It was half an hour, but it takes fifteen minutes to wake up Phil, and for you to get out of bed. He's bad enough, but I never saw any one that hated to get up worse than you."

"I remember that I got up at four-thirty one morning to attend a breakfast for you at Washington," I retorted, not without satisfaction, having waited long for this opportunity.

He laughed.

"All right—I'll get up at five-thirty tomorrow and attend breakfast with you. How's that?"

Inasmuch as we had to make a six hour jump this had to be satisfactory.

Breakfast was always ordered on the night before, to save time in the morning. Whoever happened to think of it first made up the order, and if one of the party chanced to be absent at the moment his portion was selected for him, sometimes without much consideration for his tastes or desires.

At the start Lindbergh himself often telephoned these orders down to the "room service" desk. I suspected that he enjoyed a chance to talk to someone who did not know him. But

after a while long delays began to occur while the connections were being made.

"This telephone service is terrible," he complained one night after an extremely long wait. "I could have walked down there and back by this time."

Sorenson snickered.

"I'll bet it's those girls downstairs," he commented to Phil and me.

Lindbergh swiftly covered the mouthpiece with his hand and turned around.

"What girls?" he demanded.

"The girls on the hotel exchange," explained Sorenson. "Last night I was downstairs by the switchboard in the lobby when you ordered breakfast. They must have known the voices of the rest of the gang, for one of them giggled and said to the other: 'There he is, now.' Then they all plugged in and listened."

Lindbergh looked at him with mock severity.

"You must have been pretty close to hear all that. Why were you hanging around that switchboard?"

Sorenson seemed rathered embarrassed.

"I'm going to bed. You give them the order," said Lindbergh, handing him the receiver. "If you know them that well maybe you can get some service."

Frequently, Lindbergh locked his door to prevent nocturnal prowlings by one of the party who fancied there was a score to be evened. But on this night he neglected the precaution. The opportunity was too good to lose.

"Did you see that cardboard figure of Slim down in the lobby?" I asked Phil.

He shook his head.

"It's life-sized and braced to stand by itself," I told him. "Let's get it up here and put it alongside his bed. He'll think he's seeing things when he wakes up."

Phil was enthusiastic.

"We ought to dress it up," he suggested, when we had borrowed it from the hotel management. "Here's somebody's pajama coat, and we can use my hat—it's all shot anyway."

With the figure thus attired, we sneaked into Lindbergh's room, holding it upright between us. Without warning, some object struck solidly

against the head of the cardboard colonel. Lindbergh had waked up and had gone into action with all of the pillows he could reach, deceived by the darkness into thinking the figure to be one of us. Phil ducked low and I reached for the light switch from the protection of the doorway.

Lindbergh stared for a second at the dummy, whose neck had suffered a severe twist in the mêlée.

"I never did like that picture," he declared critically, following this unexpected remark with an expert shot at Love, who was attempting to escape by a side door. With a grin at the success of his aim, he went back to bed.

CHAPTER V

SLIM PLAYS A TRICK

UP to the time when we reached Buffalo there had been no rest day, though from then on one day each week, in addition to Sunday, was set aside for this purpose. But we were already somewhat tired, so that after the official visit was over we were glad to start across the International Bridge for a week-end in Canada.

Through some strange cause, all the cars following ours were held up longer than usual by the customs officials, so that the caravan of reporters behind us was soon lost from view.

At the Turkey Point hunting lodge, on Lake Erie, the colonel's presence was at first unknown, and here he was given a real chance to rest.

Stretched out at full length in an outboard boat, he alternately fished and basked in the

warm sun, serenely content that none of the many surrounding fisher-men and women dreamed that he was there.

By the next day, however, the news had leaked out in some way. When we reached the fishing grounds, we began to overhear remarks from occupants of other boats, who were curious as to Lindbergh's whereabouts.

Small wonder that he was not easily recognized, for he was dressed in loose, somewhat dilapidated khaki trousers and a flannel shirt, with his hair awry from a recent scramble to prevent Phil from putting a crab to an undesirable use.

Two women in the stern of a passing boat glanced at him casually and one nudged the other after a moment, but the second, after a cursory inspection, shook her head scornfully and continued her search of the nearby craft.

Shortly after this a large launch containing a group of hilarious young men drifted to within a few hundred feet of us. Suddenly a shout came across the water:

"Hey Lindy! What are you doing up there?"

Lindbergh started and looked around hastily,

but the florid-faced young man in the stern of the launch was not looking in our direction at all. He was bending down as though to address someone in the group under the awning amidships. In a moment he glanced casually around to see if any of the neighboring fishermen had noticed this by-play. Apparently not, for it was soon repeated, this time more emphatically than before.

Lindbergh grinned in enjoyment of this odd masquerade, which was carried on whenever any craft came near enough. Our boatman, probably relishing the performance and determining to add a touch of his own, maneuvered our boat so that it passed close to the launch as we headed across the lake.

The florid-faced youth was giving an off-key rendition of a popular song, but he broke off to begin his customary shout toward the supposedly hidden guest:

"Hey, how'd you like that, Lin—"

That was as far as he got, for his bulging eyes suddenly fell on Lindbergh's amused face. He gulped, his cheeks redder than ever, and sat down heavily as we went on.

While we were here I reached an agreement with Lindbergh about pictures. I had been using a press camera for aerial views and for a few ground shots. Knowing his antipathy to cameras, which was not surprising considering the thousands which had been focussed upon him, I had refrained from intimate close-ups of him. But he mentioned the subject himself.

"You can take any pictures you are able to get," he said with a peculiar smile.

I was not quite certain of his meaning then, but I soon found out. Snapping a picture meant looking first to see that the film had not been taken out or part of the lens removed, and often even a long search for the entire camera. I finally decided that the only remedy was to keep it with me at all times.

There were some very good opportunities for pictures when we went out on Lake Erie to fish, although at one time I was startled to look into the finder and almost have my nose nipped by a crab.

Through such incidents as these we became used to the keen and rather unusual sense of

humor that constantly surged below the surface of the colonel's apparently quiet and serious nature. It seemed strange that the admirers who eagerly watched his every change of expression should not at times perceive this trait, yet the majority did not even guess at its existence.

One reason for this was the manner which he was almost forced to adopt at banquets. Naturally, every guest had come to obtain as close and as thorough a glimpse of the colonel as possible, and from the moment of his entrance he was the target for a battery of eyes, from boys to graybeards, from debutantes to grandmothers.

Under this well meant but searching scrutiny he soon acquired a habit of looking down at the table, or into space, or above the heads of the hundreds seated before him, except when talking to someone beside him. Thousands of people who sat only a few feet away from him at the sixty-nine banquets he attended, did not see a single sign of that characteristic which is as much a part of him as his modesty, his courage, and his keen intelligence.

For Lindbergh's humor shows mainly in his eyes. When he smiles, his usually high color creates an appearance of a slight blush, as though he were embarrassed at having been led out of his gravity for a moment. Frequently his smile is one of politeness, sincere and unforced, but without the quick twinkle that betrays the flashing humor which makes him so human.

Another reason for the general lack of knowledge of this trait was that in speaking he was extremely earnest about his subject—aviation. He never used a joke to illustrate a point, or to begin an address, a method contrary to that of the ordinary speaker and therefore more quickly noticed by his listeners.

For a while I supposed that this seriousness in public was a natural result of his elevation to the difficult position of a world hero, and that it was part of his quiet, modest way of disclaiming greatness. But Phil Love disagreed with this idea.

"Slim's always been that way," he stated. "Even at Kelly Field you'd have to be around him a long time before you'd begin to under-

stand him. He never did believe in showing off, and he never acted funny except just with the gang. What's more, he knows when and where not to play."

Phil's last words summed up the situation accurately. When there was work to be done Lindbergh pitched in and did his full share, if not more. Coming in from the press interviews that always followed the busy afternoon's ceremonies, he would often stop to help Phil and me in going through the piled up telegrams and mail, instead of attending to details that would later claim a great portion of his entirely too short "rest period."

Few people realized the many things that had to be done after the colonel had retired from the public view at each city. Mapping the next day's course, deciding which cities could be circled en route and advising their mayors, bringing flight logs up to date, telegraphing Kusterer of necessary changes in management—these formed only a part, in addition to the autographing of numerous programs, books and photographs.

The wonder of it all was Lindbergh's unfailing good nature, even when the carrying out of these details cut deeply into his sleeping hours.

On the morning of our departure from Buffalo for Cleveland a delay occurred because of oil pressure failure in the engine of the Spirit of St. Louis. This incident emphasized the correctness of Lindbergh's insistence on being at the airport each day more than half an hour before the time for taking off.

On this day we had exactly one hour to spare, during which time the engine cowling had to be removed, the pump taken down, inspected, primed and put back, and the cowling replaced.

I remembered that the colonel had agreed to fly over two cities well off the course to Cleveland. I asked him about sending them word of what had happened and asking if he could cancel this part of his flight. He shook his head.

"I'm going to circle both of them," he said. "I think the Spirit of St. Louis will be ready in 50 minutes. If it isn't I'll go in the advance ship with you fellows. We can fly over those cities, go to Cleveland, and come back for my

ship tomorrow. It will be a rest day, so we won't get off the schedule."

This was figuring with a close margin, but as usual he proved to be right. He took off in his own ship exactly on the minute he had set. We followed him into the air at once, but headed directly for Cleveland. To escape the strong head winds that opposed us, Phil flew most of the way at a low altitude above the waters of Lake Erie. We attempted to impress Kusterer, who had come back to check up details, with the liability of a forced landing in the water, but he did not seem to be bothered. Phil then purposely changed the altitude adjustment of the carburetor, making the engine miss and sputter a few times. Turning around with an excellent display of panic, he yelled back at us:

"Get ready to jump—she's going dead!"

Sorenson and I both seized our non-sinkable chair cushions and grabbed for the door handles. Kusterer at last looked alarmed and jumped up—only to sit down most unexpectedly as Phil opened the throttle and skilfully demonstrated his "inertia trick."

When we reached Cleveland, just a few minutes before Lindbergh came diving in on time, Kusterer was the first one out of the ship. His only comment was addressed to the colonel, before he hurried on to the next city by rail.

"Slim, I pity you," he said, shaking his head sadly, "having to associate with people like these. Whatever you do, don't ever get into a plane with any of them."

While at Cleveland, Lindbergh's unceasing gratitude for the kindness Ambassador Herrick had shown him in Paris was fully demonstrated.

"Tomorrow is the Ambassador's day," he told me as the official program arranged by the city was brought to a close. "Don't let him know about its having been listed as a rest day, for it was really meant to be his. I want to do anything he has planned, and if he heard it was a rest day he might not feel so free to ask me."

As the tour went on, we began to see the need for further protection of Colonel Lindbergh at banquets. At one of these functions he was so frequently interrupted to meet people that his dinner was practically untouched. At others he

was continually besieged with requests for autographs. To grant one of these publicly would have started an avalanche of similar requests which could not then reasonably have been denied. Yet this question was constantly coming up, and many whom we or the committee had to refuse believed that we were extremely inconsiderate.

Fortunately, many of the incidents at banquets were of a different nature, sometimes rather amusing. On one occasion my name had been placed on the list of speakers by mistake. I discovered it in time and explained to the toastmaster that I believed the guests had come to see and hear Colonel Lindbergh, and were not especially interested in the rest of the tour party. I told him also that it was against the tour policy for anyone but the Colonel to speak.

The toastmaster agreed courteously to my request to eliminate me and said he would explain the situation to the assemblage later.

Feeling rather relieved, as I had nothing prepared, I proceeded to enjoy my dinner. But Lindbergh, learning of the affair, determined I

THE COLONEL IS A SERIOUS FISHERMAN

THE COLONEL ENJOYS A PICNIC IN CANADA

was not to escape so easily. I saw him in close conversation with the toastmaster, who seemed greatly amused. Knowing the Colonel's propensities along this line, I began to feel rather uneasy.

When the toastmaster arose he stated that he would introduce everyone at the head table, whether speakers or not.

"Of course, each one will bow as he is introduced," he added, smiling. "And it occurs to me that among these twenty guests at the speaker's table there ought to be some gentlemen very much experienced in the art of bowing, although it has not been in fashion recently so much as a century ago."

He began his introductions, commenting humorously on the grace, or even the lack of grace shown by the various guests, with most of whom he was well acquainted. Lindbergh seemed to enjoy this very much. Once I caught his eye and he grinned widely, but I did not understand why until a minute later.

"There is one more guest to be introduced," announced the toastmaster. "This is one of

Colonel Lindbergh's party. I am informed by a very reliable authority"—he glanced down at Lindbergh—"that he is considered an expert in this art. From what I am told we may expect to behold a masterpiece which will put to shame the others who have exhibited their proficiency this evening."

And with that, as a cold perspiration broke out on me, he called my name. I stumbled awkwardly to my feet. The audience, taking its cue from the glee plainly visible in Lindbergh's face, roared with merriment. Mentally shaking my fist at the colonel, I sat down, firmly resolved never to be caught off my guard again.

Recollection of this incident made me less sympathetic a few nights later when Lindbergh for once seemed embarrassed.

The orchestra at the banquet had evidently collected all of the "Lindy" songs they could find, and as soon as the colonel was seated they began playing them, one after another without interval. After a few minutes Lindbergh began to look rather uncomfortable, especially as the

audience obviously noticed this keynote in the musical entertainment. But he made no other sign until the orchestra reached the last of the songs—and started in all over again. Then he threw a desperate glance in my direction. Thinking of the trick he had played me, I pretended to misunderstand for a little while, but his second appeal was too much to resist. Unobserved, I explained to a committeeman that the colonel appreciated the orchestra's motive, but was embarrassed by the repetition of these pæans of praise. He understood at once, and obligingly told the leader, who swerved the music into a more general theme.

Ordinarily, Lindbergh never showed any embarrassment he might have felt. His ability to hide such feeling was called upon once when physical discomfort seemed about to be a penalty. Because of our early departure from one city we had not eaten from three o'clock in the morning until nearly five in the afternoon. As a result we ate ravenously when we reached our hotel, even though we knew that the banquet was arranged for seven o'clock.

When we sat down at the banquet table, I was dismayed to learn from the menu that our solicitous hosts had ordered special planked steaks to be served to Colonel Lindbergh and his party. I managed to call Lindbergh's attention to the announcement. He did not even flicker an eyelash, but I noticed that he went no further with the course then before him.

All too soon the steaks appeared — huge wonderful specimens of the chef's art. The toastmaster beamed as he leaned over toward Lindbergh.

"I can vouch for that steak, Colonel," he said jovially. "We had a special kill to be sure that everything would be all right. And the chef wouldn't let anyone else even near it."

Lindbergh's smile was a masterpiece.

"I'm sure it will be fine," he replied.

I ate what little I could, thankful that no one was observing me closely, as was bound to be the case with the colonel. When I looked over at him a few minutes later I expected to see him toying with the steak. To my astonishment he

had consumed almost half of it, and he was still eating. On the other side of the toastmaster Phil Love was staring in amazement equal to mine.

"That wasn't very hard to do," Lindbergh calmly told us afterward. "It wasn't half as bad as the time I had to eat two dozen eggs to win a bet."

Hardly an evening went by that an unexpected incident did not occur to vary the routine of affairs. We came to look forward to the banquets, though some of the things that happened were not amusing, and a few were even serious.

On one evening Lindbergh had just taken his place, immaculate as usual in dinner attire. A five hour flight, a long parade, a speech, an interview, and other ceremonies had just been concluded, and his official day was still unfinished. Yet his sun bronzed face was as free from weariness as though he had just arisen.

When the five hundred guests had seated themselves after a long cheer for the flying

colonel, I glanced at Phil Love, our advance plane pilot, who was seated two chairs from me.

"Tell Slim to look at all the cops at the ends of the table," Phil said with a grin. "They must be afraid he'll try to sneak out."

A committeeman between us, not acquainted with Phil's customary jocularity, hastened to explain.

"We heard that the colonel never has a minute when someone isn't asking for an autograph or to shake hands, so we decided that he'd have one meal in peace. This is a city where he won't be bothered."

He stopped suddenly, staring in the direction of Colonel Lindbergh. I turned curiously. A girl was leaning over Lindbergh's shoulder, a pad in one hand and a pencil in the other. Apparently she had come from under the table, for the colonel, as well as the nearby waiters, looked rather startled.

"Colonel, I want a personal statement about a story that was printed this afternoon," she began hurriedly. "Did you really tell—"

That was the end of her personal interview,

as a red-faced policeman, chagrined at this overthrowing of careful plans, led her away, struggling and indignant.

"That's not a very good start, Colonel," apologized the toastmaster. "I never thought they'd try anything like that. I supposed those stories were a little exaggerated."

Lindbergh's reassuring smile came as readily as it had the first time such an incident had occurred, far back at the beginning of the tour. Happenings like this, and frequent interruptions of his dinner to meet numerous guests were still not unusual, but we had yet to learn the lengths to which the most ambitious of the colonel's admirers would go.

CHAPTER VI

WE USE A CODE SIGNAL

ONE night, while Lindbergh and Phil were talking in the former's bedroom with some old flying comrades, I went down to the hotel lobby for a minute. When I returned and entered the suite I found three young ladies kneeling down at the door of Lindbergh's room endeavoring to see him and hear what he was saying.

"Don't put us out yet," they begged, "we've been here three hours and we haven't even had a look at him."

I found that they had sneaked in while the party was at the banquet and the guards had relaxed their vigilance. Then they had hidden in the closet of one of the rooms until a good chance to see Lindbergh at close range presented itself.

A few days later, as we were about to dress for dinner, Phil Love hastily came into the room where the rest of the party was assembled.

"Say, Slim, who are all the people in your room?" he demanded.

Lindbergh looked surprised.

"There wasn't anyone in there a minute ago," he responded. "What are they doing?"

"I think they've got out a search warrant," replied Phil. "They were looking in your handbag when I saw them."

I followed him into the room while Lindbergh called for the hotel manager. Two women and a boy were engaged in a calm inventory of the colonel's toilet articles and other personal effects as we entered.

"We're just looking around until Colonel Lindbergh comes in," one of the women announced coolly. "We want to talk with him."

After a few inquiries we found that a side door to the suite had been left unlocked. Our unexpected guests had found it and walked in.

"I'm afraid the colonel won't be able to see you," said Phil, retaining his politeness with an

effort. "He has just twenty minutes to dress for the banquet."

"We'll only keep him a few minutes," replied one of the intruders, calmly. "We just want to shake hands and get him to autograph some things and tell us a little about his flight to Paris."

It required the persuasion of the hotel staff to induce them to leave the suite.

Similar occurrences soon began to interfere seriously at the hotels, so that it was often difficult to get ready for the banquets on time. Lindbergh decided on a solution.

"We'll keep each of our room doors locked and use a code signal," he explained one evening, after a particularly trying situation. "Listen to this."

He rapped out a four-letter word in Continental code, emphasizing the dashes peculiarly. This proved satisfactory, and also the source of a rather amusing incident.

One afternoon "Doc" Maidment, the engineman who had taken Sorenson's place, when the latter had to return to New York, came in late

from the airport and used the signal at a side door to our rooms. He had just sat down with us to eat lunch when the code word was rapped out slowly and not altogether accurately on the same door.

We looked at each other in surprise, for all four of our party were now present. Then Lindbergh laughed, stood up quickly and went into the reception room, coming back with a policeman who had been stationed at the main door. We stepped to one side and the officer opened the door. A slightly inebriated young man stood there, smiling in owlish satisfaction at the success of his trick—but his smile faded as he saw the uniform.

"Well—what do you want?" demanded the policeman in his best hard-boiled manner.

The owlish one blinked for a second.

"Just tell Colonel Lindbergh I called," he said at last, in a confidential whisper, tipped his hat and meandered up the hall.

"I saw that bird hanging around in the corridor," said Maidment, "but I didn't think he was able to catch the signal."

Several other times this expedient was tried, but an almost imperceptible difference in sound gave us a warning.

Even with the code signal in full use, we found we still had some trouble, most of which was caused by the difficulty in distinguishing between Lindbergh's personal friends and those who claimed to be his former intimates.

There could have been no better example of his loyalty than his manner toward his real friends, the companions of his barnstorming days and his fellow pilots of the Army and the air mail services. No stronger bond of sympathy and friendship ever existed than that between the colonel and these friends who "talked the language." He never seemed more completely happy nor more perfectly relaxed than when he was "ground flying" with these former comrades, who came to see him at many of the cities where we stopped.

Perhaps the greatest compliment that could have been paid him was the way in which they greeted him. They did not hesitate for a second to see if his many honors had affected him. It

seemed never to have occurred to them that he would be other than "Slim" to them. And "Slim" they continued to call him, with quiet natural affection, and very evidently to his perfect satisfaction.

One of the most convincing instances of Lindbergh's never failing consideration for old friends occurred at a Southern city. He had just climbed out of the Spirit of St. Louis and was walking toward his parade car, escorted by a reception committee that included several high ranking officers. A sailor standing at one side of the cheering crowd gestured frantically and called out:

"Slim!"

Lindbergh looked quickly at him, for this name was seldom used except by his most intimate friends. Then he smiled genially, stopped and stretched out his hand.

"I haven't much time now—come up to the hotel," he said, and then went on with the committee.

"That chap helped me out at Pensacola several years ago," he told us later. "Be sure that

no one turns him away when he comes up to the rooms."

Only a few of those who had known him had that too-solicitous manner with which great public figures are often treated. Usually these were the ones who had known him least. I suspected after a while that Lindbergh's judgment of his friends depended directly on their forgetting that he was other than a comrade.

He always impressed us with the danger of offending these pilots by accident, and we did our best to avoid this. But we also realized that he had had no privacy since the moment of his memorable landing at Le Bourget Field, and we attempted to secure such opportunities for him as often as possible.

The large number of what Phil and I termed "fake-I-knew-Slim-people" caused us trouble throughout the tour.

As a result of the many visits from young men who stoutly maintained that they had trained with Lindbergh, and who proved never to have known him, it fell to Phil to make the

decision, as he had been with the colonel at Brooks and Kelly Fields.

Whenever the local committeemen or the guards at the door were in doubt, Phil received these claimants. In some cases they proved to be real friends, but too often they were frauds who had read up enough to answer questions skilfully, so that it would have required almost a veteran prosecuting attorney to have shaken them.

Phil disposed of all but one of these cases quickly, as he had a very good memory. The exception was rather funny. The visitor was ushered in by a committeeman who had confused Phil with me, so that he introduced him as "Mr. Keyhoe."

"Well, I want to see Slim," announced the newcomer airily. "I certainly can't let the old boy slip through town without saying hello. We used to hang around together all the time down at Kelly."

Phil looked at him for a second.

"I guess you know Phil Love, too, don't you?"

he asked innocently. "I think he was down in that same class."

"Sure," agreed the visitor instantly. "Why, Phil and I used to slip down over the border and hoist a few every week or so. I'll be glad to see Phil, too—but I want to see Slim first."

At the mention of "hoisting a few" Phil reddened, for unobserved by the other man I was standing just inside the doorway, and I had repressed a snicker only with a visible effort.

"So you'd be glad to see Phil, would you?" he demanded. He reached into his pocket for a card. "Well, here's your chance, right now."

The visitor glanced at the card and started. His breeziness oozed away rapidly.

"Well, I guess I might as well be running along," he remarked regretfully. But at the door he paused and turned around.

"Say, why don't you people use your right names?" he complained. "Boy—this loses me 25 bucks."

I thought this was an unusual instance, but I decided it was mild a week later when I was awakened at two o'clock in the morning by a

rather hilarious young man. Holding onto the door frame for support, he cheerfully informed me that he had just become a father.

"Well, what of it?" I retorted, looking around for the house officer who had been stationed at the door.

"Why, I want to get Lindbergh to come help me celebrate," declared the proud parent. "We used to fly together down at Kelly—dear old Kelly—" he was about to break down in tearful recollection of the happy days he and Lindbergh had spent together when a detective appeared and swiftly assisted him downstairs.

The next morning he was on the scene at an early hour. As I had expected, neither the colonel nor Phil had ever heard of him before.

Whenever these would-be intimates of Lindbergh became too insistent Phil and I had recourse to an alibi of which the colonel knew nothing for a long time.

"Awfully sorry, but the colonel is taking a bath," we would inform them, after they heatedly declared they were going to walk right on in whether we desired it or not.

This was usually sufficient, and was never questioned but once, whatever may have been the thoughts of those who received this explanation. The exception occurred in a small city where a determined feminine admirer had tried in a dozen different ways to obtain an interview with Lindbergh. At last she managed to put through a telephone call, in spite of our orders to the hotel switchboard operators.

On being told this convenient reason for the colonel's inability to receive her, she announced her opinion of Phil's veracity in such startling and forceful language that he hastily took the receiver from his ear. The words were so easily audible that Lindbergh, coming in at that moment, heard them plainly.

"What on earth did you tell her?" he inquired, as Phil cautiously lowered the receiver onto the hook. "You must have insulted her terribly."

Phil explained the use of our standard alibi.

"You'll have people saying I live in a bathtub," Lindbergh objected.

And so that night we were thinking up another story.

Our difficulties along this line were always greatest on rest days, which would have been opposite in effect from that which their name implied if we had granted one-tenth of the personal requests we received.

Lindbergh's habits during these rest days were good indexes to his character. Sometimes, when busy with his correspondence and other personal affairs he would remain in his room for an hour or two, but his active mind never permitted him to spend a minute in idleness. If circumstances did not allow him to engage in his only hobby, flying, he was constantly on the lookout for something else to do. He never read simply to pass the time. If an article or story connected with aviation were called to his attention he usually found time to look it over, but he did not take long to decide whether it was worthy of further perusal.

Many great men have decided tastes in regard to music. Lindbergh never expressed himself on this subject, except about songs lauding him, although music of all kinds was played at banquets. My one opportunity to learn what music appealed to him was unfortunately lost. I no-

ticed a very fine reproducing piano in our suite at one hotel. During a moment when Lindbergh was in another room and no one else was present I selected a classical piece and set the piano in operation.

Hardly had the music begun when there came a knock at the door. Leaving the piano playing, I answered. The officer on watch introduced three reporters.

"We missed the regular press interview," they explained. Just then they heard the music and looked at each other in growing excitement.

"I didn't know Colonel Lindbergh could play," exclaimed one of them. "Say—that's a good story!"

With a vivid mental picture of Lindbergh reading such a story and then looking for the author, I hurriedly explained the situation. Then I went back to see about the interview. Lindbergh was just coming into the reception room. He looked from me to the piano, which was still playing.

"So that's the answer," he remarked. "I was just going to say that you—" but what he had in

mind, whether an expression of his taste in music, or an unflattering surprise at my seeming ability as a pianist, I never learned. Just then he caught sight of the reporters in the doorway and changed the subject.

There was even less opportunity to learn his taste in regard to the theatre, for he was unable to attend a single performance during the entire tour. However, his lack of this kind of recreation did not bother him, for there was little time for such diversions.

Getting Lindbergh out of the hotels on rest days was another problem. Frequently the newspapers kept reporters in the corridors and automobiles waiting below to follow him wherever he went. An attempt to go for a quiet ride after a banquet almost always meant an involuntary parade.

His imprisonment at hotels was more literal than figurative, for if he even stood at a window to look out for a few moments he was soon spied by watchers in the streets and in a minute hundreds of necks would be craned upward. At one hotel we were informed that he would be able

to relax in a comfortable, private roof garden which connected with our apartment on top of the hotel. The only nearby structure as high as this was an office building across the street, and its occupants would be gone by the latter part of the afternoon.

A little while after we had arrived Lindbergh walked out to enjoy the view from the roof. Almost immediately, windows began to open in the apparently deserted office building, and inside of two minutes at least a hundred pairs of eyes, some assisted by field glasses, were staring across at him. Under this close concentration he beat a quick retreat.

We found that the best method to use in aiding Lindbergh to escape from hotels unobserved was for one of us to engage the reporters and others at the door in conversation, maneuvering so that their backs were turned toward the hall. Lindbergh would then leave by the farthest entrance, heading for the fire exit or servants' stairs. Several times we had to use the freight elevator, going out through the basement to an alley where a private car was waiting.

While we were at Cincinnati, Phil Love mysteriously disappeared and did not return until a late hour on Saturday night. Nor did we have time to question him on Sunday, for he was quickly gone again.

But the committeeman who was assisting us with details gave us a clue to the puzzle.

"It's nice that Mr. Love has a friend here," he observed.

Lindbergh stared at him.

"Friend?" he echoed. "What kind? Yesterday he didn't know a soul here."

The committeeman seemed a little embarrassed.

"Why—I think she's a very nice young lady," he answered. "Isn't that all right? You haven't any tour rules against it, have you?"

Lindbergh grinned.

"No, but wait till we see him again. He won't forget this for a long, long time."

That afternoon we slipped through the Sunday traffic of Cincinnati and across the Ohio River into the Kentucky hills. After an hour or two of driving in these picturesque surroundings,

with Lindbergh at the wheel, someone suggested stopping near a village drugstore for refreshments.

We parked a short distance away and I was elected by the toss of a coin to obtain the refreshments. While I was waiting for the soda clerk to prepare the orders I happened to see a small puzzle labeled "New York to Paris." It consisted of several wooden blocks that could be shifted in various directions, the purpose of the game being to move the "airplane block" from the New York corner to the Paris corner.

"That looks easy," remarked the soda clerk, noting my glance. "But just try it once."

"We ought to have Colonel Lindbergh here to show us how to do it," I answered casually.

The soda clerk shrugged his shoulders.

"He could fly over there all right," he admitted, "but he'd fall down like anybody else on that puzzle."

"How long would you give Lindbergh if he were here," I asked him.

"I'd bet him he couldn't do it in four hours," he declared.

Restraining a rather unholy glee, I purchased the puzzle and went back to the car. Lindbergh grinned appreciatively when I told him of the affair. Then his face grew serious.

"Let's see it," he said, and within ten seconds everything else was completely forgotten.

We drove on back to Cincinnati, with the colonel still as engrossed as though he were again over the Atlantic. Only to leave the car and hurry up to our rooms did he interrupt his study. Once he glanced quickly at the clock. He had been working for almost two hours.

A little later he sat up with a look of satisfaction.

"There it is," he announced calmly. "Now, what do you say we order dinner. I'm getting hungry."

When Monday morning came we had difficulty in rousing our red-headed pilot from the daze into which the week end at Cincinnati had sent him. Lindbergh shook his head as he viewed Phil at breakfast.

"I've known him for years," he told Maid-

ment and me, "but I never saw him like this. I'm almost afraid to let him fly today."

This was the beginning of a trial which Phil bore more or less patiently through the next two months, for even the slightest mistake he made was instantly ascribed to "Cincinnati."

CHAPTER VII

PARADE TROUBLES

STEALING away on these rest days, with their brief changes from the routine of the 95-day tour, always rested Lindbergh and helped him maintain his cheerful courtesy when the next official day began, although some much more experienced public figures might have "cracked" under the still undeniable strain.

His ever ready sense of humor also helped him through trying situations, although not infrequently this same characteristic resulted in just such situations for members of the tour party.

One of these occasions brought about an undesirably lasting effect. It began when we were opening mail after finishing a parade. As Phil Love unwrapped one package he grinned and looked over at me.

"My, won't Slim be sweet after he gets

through with all this," he said, holding up a complete assortment of toilet water, perfume, and scented soap.

Before I could do more than agree, the colonel took one look and started after Phil, who dropped the box and hastily departed for a safer location. Lindbergh seemed about to follow, but instead he stopped and glanced back at the cause of the trouble. Then he gazed thoughtfully at me, hesitated, and finally went on with his unpacking. Apparently the affair was ended as far as he was concerned.

That evening a few old friends of the colonel came up to our rooms after the banquet. After talking a while, Lindbergh stretched his long legs, stood up, and began to pace back and forth, his hands in his pockets. No one paid much attention to this, for it was not an entirely new procedure. But a minute or two later I saw a sudden movement as he passed behind Love's chair. I watched out of the corner of my eye, and the next time he walked behind Phil I caught a gleam of something in his hand. It was the perfume bottle.

As a liberal application of the perfume soaked into the coat of our unsuspecting advance pilot, I caught Lindbergh's eye. He shook his head in quick warning. Hiding my amusement, I turned my head to see if anybody else had noticed this performance—and instantly became aware of a powerfully sweet odor that emanated from nowhere but the back of my own coat!

There was another bottle nearby, but by the time I had reached it Lindbergh had temporarily fled, taking off his coat while he went, as a safety precaution.

In spite of the heroic efforts of hotel valets, Phil and I traveled for a time in a rose-scented world of our own. This in itself was bad enough, but at one banquet it proved extremely embarrassing.

We had been seated for several minutes when I noticed the guest between Colonel Lindbergh and me sniffing uneasily. Finally he gave a disgusted glance at the nearest table and turned to Lindbergh.

"It's awfully close in here, colonel," he remarked. "Those women certainly piled it on

thick tonight. Maybe I'd better have a window opened."

Lindbergh leaned over toward him with a solemn countenance.

"It's the rest of my party," he said apologetically. "Somebody sent us a bottle of perfume and they used it up in one night."

Then he smiled serenely at me as the committeeman turned startled eyes in my direction. Extremely mortified, I attempted to give an explanation which, plainly, he did not even begin to believe.

One of the natural results of Lindbergh's fame and popularity was a constant stream of requests to fly with him during the tour, either in the Spirit of St. Louis or in some other plane. People who would not fly with anyone else quickly agreed to go with him, and several important converts to aviation were made in this way.

One of these was Henry Ford, who had never flown before, though many of the leaders in the aviation industry had repeatedly urged him to try this new mode of travel.

On the second afternoon at Detroit Lind-

bergh was flying several types of ships. Mr. Ford watched him for some time. At last the colonel walked over and said that he would like to have him take his first aerial ride in the Spirit of St. Louis. Perhaps it was this rare privilege, or the knowledge that a master pilot's hand would be on the stick—or it may have been both, but Mr. Ford did not hesitate in accepting.

For Colonel Lindbergh that was a perfect afternoon. To have increased Mr. Ford's interest in aviation so much was in itself gratifying to the highest degree. Added to that, he was free to indulge his one hobby—flying. Going from an Army pursuit ship to the Spirit of St. Louis, from a tri-motored cabin plane to the tiny "flivver ship," he flew for several hours in the manner of one who was thoroughly enjoying himself.

Lindbergh was the only one who was permitted to fly the flivver plane, by the late Harry Brooks, its pilot. This confidence which all pilots had in Lindbergh's ability to fly anything, even new and unusual types, was always noticeable. Nor did Lindbergh ever fail to meet their expectations in regard to his handling of their ships.

Only a few passengers, however, were taken in the transatlantic ship. One of these was Lindbergh's mother, who had long been an ardent believer in aviation. Her flight in the Spirit of St. Louis occurred at Grand Rapids, one of the stops on the tour.

The plane had been in the air several minutes when one of the bystanders pointed upward.

"There comes Lindbergh now," he remarked. "Notice he isn't pulling any stunts with his mother in there."

We watched the approaching monoplane as it glided in carefully for a landing. Suddenly Phil Love grinned.

"That's not Slim," he said. "Look over there."

I followed his glance. The Spirit of St. Louis was nosed up at a very steep angle. Then a series of figure eights and vertical banks came in rapid succession, ending as Lindbergh brought in the transatlantic plane for a quick forward-slip landing.

That night after the evening ceremonies, Mrs. Lindbergh was flown back to Detroit in a trimotored cabin plane. Someone asked Colonel

LINDBERGH TAKES HIS MOTHER FOR A HOP IN "THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS"

THE TOUR PARTY: (LEFT TO RIGHT) DONALD E. KEYHOE, PHILIP LOVE, COLONEL LINDBERGH, C. C. MAIDMENT, AND MILBURN KUSTERER (ADVANCE MAN)

Lindbergh if he were worried about this night journey.

He stared at his questioner. "I don't see why I should be worried," he replied. "She is in a good ship, flying with an experienced pilot. She is as safe as she would be in a train or a motor car. And she will be home long before either could get her there."

It was well that Lindbergh was not easily worried about anything, for moments immediately after landing were still difficult in many cases. On one afternoon as the colonel was taxiing into a hangar, a crowd of several thousand people burst through the lines of guards and swept irresistibly into the building and almost into the transatlantic plane.

Lindbergh hurriedly switched off his engine and climbed out to protect his ship. A wild pandemonium ensued as two or three hundred persons sought to reach him at the same time. For an instant it seemed that the Spirit of St. Louis must go down under this tremendous onslaught. Then reinforcements arrived and a huge ring of police was thrown about the colonel and those of

the reception committee who had survived the rush.

As the colonel was being escorted to the speakers' stand, a school girl tried to dart under the arm of one burly officer, evidently to shake Lindbergh's hand. The policeman thrust her back with an energetic sweep of his powerful arm. Then, almost in the instant, he held out his own hand, nearly three times that of the girl in size.

"Put her there, Colonel," he said pompously, evidently caring little for the impression this would make on those he denied the privilege, nor for the example he was setting thirty or forty other policemen in the ring.

Lindbergh smiled and extended his hand, but the officer failed to see the twinkle in his eyes. He, too, smiled, rather importantly, but only for a moment.

As their fingers met, a ludicrous expression of pain and astonishment replaced that complacent look, though the colonel's face still held only a gracious smile. When the policeman withdrew his hand, which he did with a somewhat surprising celerity, he glanced down at it

regretfully, and then slowly back at Lindbergh with a mixture of wonder and suspicion. But the colonel's expression was quite innocent.

This universal desire to shake hands with the colonel sometimes resulted in odd incidents. One morning when we were being driven from the hotel to the airport we were halted at a grade crossing by an old white-haired flagman.

"Colonel, I can't stop you when you're up there," chuckled the old fellow, hobbling to the side of the car, and jerking his thumb toward the sky. "But things just happened right for me today."

Lindbergh laughed and took the old man's hand, in spite of the impatient police who had by this time discovered that the nearest danger was a slowly moving switch-engine some distance away. And this time there was no steely grip, but only a friendly acknowledgment in his grasp.

The speed of parades was another source of trouble. If the car bearing the colonel moved too rapidly there were many complaints from those who had waited hours to see him. In addi-

tion, he himself suffered an undeniable inconvenience from fast parades, for the bouquets, boxes of candy, and other things which ordinarily were tossed into his car were then hurled with more or less imperfect aim. The result was that he had to become skilled in dodging from one side to another.

"I picked up a real collection today," he said rather ruefully, as one parade came to an end. He fingered a spot on his head where a penknife had struck, disregarding a prominent mark on his cheek where a toy tin airplane had found a not entirely desirable landing place. "I think we'd better slow down even more after this. I'm not so good at missing things as I thought I was."

But slowing down to a walking speed in turn brought about difficulties. Spectators would run out between cars and motorcycles, imperiling their lives in a frantic endeavor "just to touch 'Lindy'" and usually putting such energy into the attempt that when they did succeed in reaching him they whacked him unmercifully on back, shoulders or head, whichever happened to

be nearest. More than once he bore bruises as a result of this, though I never heard him mention them.

Sometimes we had trouble because of unscheduled stops, when a member of the committee introduced a slight deviation from the standard program for a personal reason. The police, not being informed of this, would not be concentrated at that point and confusion inevitably resulted.

One evening we had gone out through the side door of our hotel, as the huge crowd in front was more than the police could handle. Lindbergh and the rest of us climbed into the closed car which was to take us to the banquet at another hotel. But instead of starting at once, the official with us signaled the driver to wait, though by now the crowd had heard of the colonel's movements and was pouring around to the side entrance.

"I promised my boy I'd let him ride with you, Colonel," the committeeman explained. "I guess he's lost somewhere, but he'll be along in a minute, I think."

Lindbergh said nothing but I could tell that he, like the rest of us, thought it would be better to get out of that milling sea of humanity before those in the center were crushed. The official mistook his anxious glance at the people now jammed tightly against the sides of the car.

"We're perfectly safe in here, Colonel," he said reassuringly. "They can't get in here."

Lindbergh smiled, and a sudden gleam came into his eyes, though the official was unaware of this.

"That's what someone said over at Croydon," he replied. "And just then a London 'bobby' came in headfirst through the glass."

The committeeman looked alarmed.

"Dear me—do you suppose they're pushing that hard here?" he asked anxiously.

Lindbergh's face was guileless as he answered.

"I don't know, but the bobby was up against the window just like that man on your right. Of course, it might not happen at all."

But the committeeman had already taken one look at the man Lindbergh had mentioned, a huge fellow who was stooping to peer in at the colonel.

And a second later the car was underway, while he anxiously urged the driver to greater speed.

During one procession a man who had eluded three motorcycle policemen seized the colonel's arm and almost pulled him backward into the street from the top of his car. The alarmed mayor beside him grasped at him quickly, but Lindbergh had expertly hooked his foot against the side of the car and saved himself. Though the motive behind these acts was interest of one sort or another, the effect sometimes was no different than if they had been done with malice. A man with less patience and understanding than Lindbergh might have forgotten the thought behind the deed, after the thousandth repetition of these more extreme cases.

Not all of the results of slow parades were of this nature, however. Once, as I was watching the crowds, I saw a young girl out in front of the other spectators, her eyes riveted in awe on Colonel Lindbergh. This in itself was not unusual, but when she re-appeared one block on, I began to watch her. As the first car passed she ducked back through the throng and ran at

top speed for the next opening. This was repeated three or four times.

I managed to tell Lindbergh this without attracting her attention.

"She must be a regular marathon runner," he commented curiously. "We're going at least five miles an hour."

"She's standing about one hundred feet ahead," I told him. "The one dressed in blue."

Lindbergh turned to look casually at her as we drew abreast. His expression did not alter that I could see, but something must have told her that he knew. She blushed a fiery red as though she had just then realized what she was doing. This time, when she ran through the crowd, she went as fast as possible in the other direction.

At the very next city another result of too slow movement became evident. The motorcycle police had to surround the car to ward off the closely packed crowds, and in order to keep their engines from choking up at slow speeds they raced them freely, with clutches dis-

engaged. We traveled amid an almost choking cloud of exhaust smoke for several miles.

Colonel Lindbergh arrived at the hotel with his face gray from the smoke deposit. Even his hair did not escape, for, as usual, he rode bareheaded. While he was walking along the corridor toward our suite three girls pressed closer for a better glimpse.

"Oh, dear," one of them exclaimed disappointedly, "and I thought all along he was blond. You just can't believe a thing you read about him."

In the privacy of our rooms Lindbergh glanced at his face in a mirror. Quite possibly he could have gone through the streets unrecognized, for even his eyes looked different, with dark rings about them.

"No wonder someone is always saying I don't look well," he observed with a grin that shone strangely through the duskiness of his face. "I look as though I might pass out any minute."

Within a short time these rumors about the colonel's health had become serious. Most of

them were caused by pictures taken at the moment of his landing at various cities, when the impression of his goggles still showed in his face and gave him a drawn look. His anxiety about the crowds at the airports added an unusual seriousness to his expression at these times, so that reporters who had expected to describe him as smiling cheerfully were surprised into thinking there was something wrong with him.

The programs had become somewhat easier, as we had by now found the best way to carry out the details, so that this relieved the colonel to some extent.

At one city our punctuality proved a boomerang, however. Lindbergh landed at 2 o'clock and was driven to the open air meeting where he gave his usual brief, direct talk. The regular parade followed. I noticed that we were going at a slow rate of speed, even in the outlying sections. A committeeman explained the reason.

"We're a little ahead of our schedule,' he said. "You see, most things like this never come through on time, and we counted on that."

When we reached the business district, where there were usually the thickest crowds, only a few thousands lined the streets.

But we had not been at our hotel more than half an hour when the chairman of the committee and the mayor came in excitedly. The latter, particularly, had a very anxious expression.

"We're in a jam," he anounced hurriedly. "Everybody's blaming me because no one saw the colonel. They all thought the parade wouldn't be on time and all of the out of town people were in the stores when he went by."

He mopped his forehead.

"If the colonel won't make another parade, I'm done for," he groaned. "I'll never dare run for mayor again. The papers are holding their last editions. If the colonel makes a parade, they'll lay off me. If he doesn't—good night!"

I went in and told Lindbergh about the situation.

"Well, I don't see that it's our fault," he said, "but I'll go out again anyway."

By the time we noticed the added facility in carrying out programs, our flying had tempor-

arily become easier, though the long hops were not always the worst. On one of the shortest jumps of the tour we were forced to fly just above the tree tops in a drifting fog, and to detour a veritable cloudburst from sinister black clouds that seemed determined to engulf us.

Passing across the lower tip of Lake Michigan, in a short cut to Chicago from Grand Rapids, our two planes ran into a gray mist. For a while we were out of sight of land, and no vessels were visible below. I was wondering if Lindbergh were reminded of his long hours over the Atlantic, when the mist lifted and disclosed a score of lake boats, which speedily began to whistle a greeting to Lindbergh in the Spirit of St. Louis. We could not hear the sounds but we could see the clouds of escaping steam.

At Chicago we found an unexpected development. Secretary MacCracken, who met us there, informed the colonel that people were clamoring for the tour to be ended, because they believed it was undermining his health.

"I think it would be a good idea to have a physical examination," suggested Mr. Mac-

Cracken. "That will show them you are in good condition."

Lindbergh objected vigorously.

"I'm perfectly all right," he declared. "I get enough sleep and have plenty to eat—and I can finish this tour. I don't say I'd want to do this all my life, but I'm going through with it."

After some persuasion, he gave in and permitted an examination to be made. This showed him to be in very good condition, as he had said. Undoubtedly his regular hours helped maintain the pace without ill effect, though there were times when he put the question of sleep second, and even cut out his rest days.

While we were at Chicago the colonel accepted an invitation to rest at an estate where the party and a few guests were to enjoy swimming, baseball, and other recreations.

The press was given an unusually long interview on the preceding day, on the implied promise that the colonel would not be too closely "covered" on Sunday. But hardly had he entered the private swimming pool at the home where we were visiting when a dozen cameras

began to click from behind hedges and other hiding points.

The police detailed to prevent this finally used stern measures and cleared the grounds, though during the baseball game two or three persistent reporters and photographers were found perched in trees, scribbling busily or seeking "scoop" pictures of Lindbergh.

As a result of this, when it was time for Lindbergh to depart for another engagement, we decided on a ruse. A closed car was driven up to a side entrance and several of us, including Phil Love, hastily climbed in. Someone then pulled down the curtains and we sped out of the grounds, led by a dozen motorcycle policemen with screaming sirens.

As we had expected, this drew the press cars and we let them follow for five minutes. By this time we decided that Lindbergh would have had time to escape by another exit, so we put up the curtains. But still the press cars rocked and careened along after us, though we tried to signal them that they were following a blind trail.

At last we drew up at our hotel and stepped

out. A photographer from the leading press car dashed forward with his camera in one hand and a flashlight gun in the other, for it was now late in the afternoon. As Phil came out he raised his flash and poised his camera—and then his jaw fell.

"I guess it's my fatal beauty," said Phil composedly, for he had been sitting in the back seat, and had again been taken for Lindbergh.

CHAPTER VIII

LINDBERGH TURNS TAILOR

JUST before taking off for the hop to St. Louis, Phil drew Lindbergh aside.

"Slim, I may need you to keep me out of jail when we get to St. Louis," he said seriously. "I just happened to remember about that blamed monkey."

"What monkey?" inquired the colonel.

"Somebody sent a monkey out to the field for a gift to you," explained Phil. "That was before you got back to the United States. They pushed the job of keeping it off onto me while I was out of town. When I came back the health officer was out there looking for the owner of the blamed animal. He said it had bitten two or three people. I said it was yours,

but he wouldn't believe me and said he was going to get a warrant."

"Well, I don't believe you either," said Lindbergh, eyeing him suspiciously. "I think you're trying to put something over on me. And if you get locked up I'm going to tell them to leave you there."

With an unsympathetic grin, he climbed into the Spirit of St. Louis and headed over his old mail route. We followed, circling intermediate fields, farmhouses and other land marks which Phil pointed out in the manner of a ballyhoo man in a sightseeing bus.

"See that new strip of fence," he said once, dropping down low. "Slim knocked the old fence down one day when fog forced him in there. I'll show you a place a little later where his ship crashed after one of his jumps."

Frequently both he and Lindbergh would dive down to circle some farmhouse, where the owners stood waving enthusiastically at the hovering planes.

"Places where we dropped in at one time or another," explained Phil. "Sometimes the sleet

would force us down, and we'd wait till the weather was a little better to start on. These people would have us in for dinner. I guess maybe they thought we got forced down on purpose. We'd leave our engines running to keep them from freezing up. After a good warm meal we'd feel more like tackling the storm."

When we arrived at St. Louis there was no sign of the health officer, and Phil breathed more easily. Lindbergh shifted into his colonel's uniform, as the National Squadron of which he was a member was in camp there. But his high rank did not save him from an old-fashioned initiation by his air mail buddies, for within an hour he had been thoroughly ducked under a pump.

Our advance party was almost left behind on the day when we were due at Kansas City. Some one had slept late and the result was a rapid drive to the airport, where Lindbergh was waiting. The policemen who interrupted the drive refused to believe Phil's story about the tour, and his expectation of being jailed seemed

quite likely to be realized. But finally the display of our baggage and part of Lindbergh's convinced them and we reached the airport just on time.

This baggage always astonished the airport officials who were assigned to unloading our advance plane. We carred four special suit bags holding three suits each, five hand bags, two brief cases, and a camera, besides a complete set of tools and spare parts. With this great assortment of baggage it was not surprising that we were constantly misplacing articles in the ship. One time this happened to be Phil's map of Iowa. Ordinarily this would not have caused much trouble, as we would have headed in the general direction of Moline, our next stop, and followed the Mississippi River up or down if we happened to miss the city.

But I had already made arrangements to fly over my home town—something which every pilot plans to do at one time in his life. We zigzagged across the State, dropping down to look at every town we saw. At last, just by chance,

we found the right one and spent ten minutes circling around. Its once-familiar streets looked odd when viewed for the first time from the air.

Just as the tour was becoming more strenuous, and we were counting the hours until our next rest period, we discovered that by error only a touch stop had been scheduled for two States, one of which was South Dakota. Lindbergh was greatly disturbed over this.

"That won't do," he said decisely. "One of the main ideas of the tour was to spend a night in each State. We'll have to do it. Where will we be on our next rest day?"

"Denver," I told him, looking at our itinerary.

He bent over his map.

"We can make Pierre, South Dakota, that day and get back to Cheyenne on the next," he said after a moment. Then his eyes lighted. "That will give us a trip over the Bad Lands and the Black Hills, too. We can fly over the summer White House."

"Two weeks till we get another rest," mourned "Doc" Maidment. "Not even a Sunday when we're not flying."

Lindbergh did not seem very sympathetic.

"We're getting to see more of the country, and we can rest at Butte. Remember, we get a week there."

In spite of this grumbling, there was not one of us who would have missed that extra flight. We saw the famous Bad Lands as perhaps no one else had ever done, for both Lindbergh and Love insisted on inspection at close range. More than once we were flying so low over those strange, sunken regions that the surrounding rim of level country was high above us. Once we surprised a herd of range horses far down in one of the most inaccessible spots. Trapped in a blind pass, they wheeled and dashed madly around beneath us as Phil tried to keep pace with their movements. A few escaped and dashed away, terror stricken. We followed them clear down into the bottom of the Bad Lands, attempting to get pictures of them. This was extremely difficult, as the ship was moving at a speed of 140 miles per hour, and the horses would swerve violently as soon as we swooped down over them.

At last we zoomed up out of this sunken land, to spy Lindbergh apparently diving into the ground as he hunted out a similar depression a few miles away. Seemingly he, too, felt the strange fascination of this peculiar country, an interest that drew us so far off our course that a forced landing would have left us days from civilization.

Next day we circled over the Summer White House and on over the picturesque Black Hills before heading toward Custer, near Wind Cave National Park. At last we saw Cheyenne, the old frontier post, which now is an outpost for the roaring air mail planes that flash down out of the night far more regularly than the pony express swept through.

Less than a year before, I had followed the air mail route out of Cheyenne with the late Floyd Bennett in the "Josephine Ford," which he and Commander Byrd had flown over the North Pole.

That had been an interesting flight over snow covered mountains, for we followed close on the trail of a blizzard. In spite of the cold we had

enjoyed the flight, for we served a regular lunch on the cabin table, sending one of the party off to a corner to finish his typing on an inverted box.

Only Bennett and Balchen out in the open pilot's cockpit had been really uncomfortable, and when the chill became too severe, they had come back into the cabin for hot coffee from a vacuum jug.

But this time we headed south of the Transcontinental mail route, for Lindbergh had promised two outlying cities he would fly over them on the way to Salt Lake City, and in addition he wished to see that less familiar part of the Rockies. Though at first it was chilly, we kept quite comfortable and later descended to the warmth of a lower altitude.

After passing over Provo, Utah, we headed toward Great Salt Lake, which lay shimmering under the midday sun. Off to the west we saw a terraced ledge and glided down to look at it. We found from our map that it was the Bingham Copper Mine. A dozen tiny trains moved back and forth in the parallel ledges with their

loads of ore. We still had time to spare so we explored farther, finding a salt mine which from our altitude looked like some odd geometrical figure traced in the white salt deposits.

Heading back, we came over Salt Lake City at so high an altitude that it appeared like a miniature village jealously hidden away from the rest of the world by the surrounding mountains. We descended slowly and watched the old city of the Mormons take form beneath us. The great Tabernacle stood out distinctly. Then we saw the airport and the huge crowd along the sides of the field.

Lindbergh did not approach from the direction in which he had been expected, and when he did come he was at such a high altitude that no one saw him until he began to spiral down. By this time several had begun to worry about his being lost in the mountains, and to regret that he had not carried a parachute. But, as usual, he came in exactly on time, his face still ruddy from the cold of the upper air, though it was hot upon the ground.

Even before we had reached the mountains, Lindbergh's refusal to carry a parachute during the tour had caused frequent comments by those who were anxious for his safety, and who did not fully understand the situation. Lindbergh took a practical view of the matter.

"This is a commercial operation," he said unemotionally. "Parachutes should not be used except in military work, air mail service, testing, and experimental flying. I'm better off in the Spirit of St. Louis without a 'chute. It would give me less room and less freedom in handling the ship. And this plane lands so slowly that I could stall it in almost anywhere. Dropping with a 'chute in the mountains might be a lot worse than sticking to the ship."

There was another reason for his decision, as it applied to the rugged and unhabited section covered by the Rockies. The emergency equipment in his plane would not be separated from him, perhaps dashed to pieces or dropped in a canyon or some other inaccessible spot, as it would be if he were to jump out and let the plane

go on. Added to this, it was not likely that he would desert the Spirit of St. Louis under any but the most desperate conditions.

Before we were anywhere near the mountain country Lindbergh had suggested that we buy emergency rations, knives and canteens.

"Let's get them now," he said. "Then we'll have them if we need them."

But he showed no fear of being forced down in some isolated region. Rather, I believe he would have enjoyed such an experience if it would not have interfered with keeping the tour schedule.

"It wouldn't be so hard to get back to civilization," he said one day, after we had flown over a particularly barren and rocky stretch. "We'd probably be a week reaching the nearest town, but it would be fun roughing it. We'd have maps, and we'd each have our ship's compass, so that we'd have a good idea of where we were going."

I was thankful, however, that this was not found necessary, for we had been under forced march for over two weeks, with our rest days canceled for the Pierre flight and for other

reasons. In addition, our hops had been unusually long, so that we were becoming rather tired, and only the thought of our promised camp beside a Montana lake kept us in good spirits.

Lindbergh jokingly announced one night that he had decided on a new rule to keep us in good trim.

"We'll have to be in bed by 10:30 every night until our vacation week," he said. "No more staying up late."

On that particular evening I had accepted an invitation for a brief visit at the home of a local committeeman, and I immediately protested.

"All right, go ahead," said Lindbergh, with a peculiar smile that I knew meant no good. "But don't forget I warned you."

Mindful of certain other happenings in which he had been proved mainly responsible, I carefully searched my bed and looked for traps of all kinds on my return. But I could find nothing. Apparently he had forgotten about the matter, though I knew this was not likely.

But next morning I found plenty of trouble.

My clothes had been sewed up completely. Not an armhole, trousers leg, or pocket remained untouched. Nor were they sewed with ordinary thread, but with tough cord that made it necessary to cut each stitch carefully with a razor blade.

It was almost an hour before I could dress, and I did not touch the pockets. To sew up the suit so completely must have taken Lindbergh and at least one of the others about two hours of steady work. I decided to double lock my room when I left it in the future.

But the flight that we made on this day over the jagged Sawtooth Mountain Range compensated for my personal trials.

This was the most isolated country we had yet included in our course. Before we started, we were laughingly warned by residents of Boise that the land between us and Butte was so precipitous that no one could sleep safely in camp without tying himself to a tree to keep from rolling down hill. This information was not very consoling, when considered in connection with the thought of a forced landing.

One of the bystanders suggested that we ought to deviate around the worst stretches. Lindbergh heard this.

"That's where the airplane beats other forms of transportation," he replied promptly. "How long does it take to go to Butte by railroad?"

"It's 19 hours by rail," one of the committeemen said. "There's going to be a short-cut auto highway about 500 miles long later on."

"We'll make it in a little over three hours," Lindbergh commented. "That's two-thirds of a day saved."

An elderly man, evidently a prospector of other days, turned to a companion and shook his head.

"Three hours," he muttered. "And I mind the time when I was days draggin' over that old trail. Yes, and stoppin' to change horses, and twistin' around between rock slides and through creeks. And now 3 hours—humph!"

"But maybe at that it was safer," ventured his comrade.

Lindbergh was turning toward the waiting

Spirit of St. Louis. He hesitated and looked around at the last remark.

"The take-off is the only thing that's not safe in this hop," he said quietly. He pointed to some power wires bordering the airport. The wind had changed so that we had to take off directly over them. "If those wires were down, there wouldn't be anything unsafe about it."

A few minutes later he taxied his ship to the far end of the field and then shot forward in a skilfully fast rise, clearing the wires by a good margin.

"Lot different from the old stage coach days," observed the first prospector sadly. "Used to spend quite a spell gettin' ready, yellin' goodbye and crackin' the whip at the leaders. An' look at him—he's a mile away already."

We followed in the escort plane, watching the power wires pass uncomfortably close beneath us, for we were more heavily loaded than the Spirit of St. Louis.

The rest of the flight was unforgettable, for the Sawtooth Range lived up to its name. We stayed rather high, but Lindbergh hopped over

ridges and down into canyons, once more in his element.

When we arrived at Butte we were met by Shorty Lynch, one of the colonel's flying partners of barnstorming days, with whom he had wandered as a "gypsy" flyer over thousands of miles in the western States.

We learned that a special trip to Helena, Montana, had been agreed upon for the next day, after which we would return to Butte for our vacation.

"Here's our chance at Glacier and Yellowstone," said Lindbergh as the four of us gathered in our rooms that night. "We'll fly over Glacier tomorrow on the way to Helena, and over Yellowstone on the way back to Butte the next day. And don't forget that this is a secret."

"They're only two or three hundred miles off the course each way," observed Phil dryly. "You'll have to tell people the Spirit of St. Louis is only good for fifteen miles an hour nowadays. It's only eighty miles to Helena—and

they're going to know when we leave here and when we get there."

"It doesn't make any difference as long as we get there on time," responded Lindbergh. "Our sightseeing isn't going to keep us from getting there at two o'clock. And next day there isn't any program at Butte, so we can come in when we feel like it."

CHAPTER IX

WE EXPLORE A WONDERLAND

THE following day was a memorable one, for that flight over Glacier Park seemed to take us out of the world we knew and into one where we absorbed the mystic spirit of the everlasting mountains, instead of feeling that we were intruders in this wonderful land.

We left Butte soon after daybreak, without explaining the secret of our early start, though some of our friends wondered. Separating for a while after the take-off, our two planes sailed far up into the North, to hold a rendezvous at the very top of the Continental divide where we could look across into Canada.

With evident delight, Lindbergh was soon realizing his long cherished ambition to explore the famous Park.

Tilting the silver-winged Spirit of St. Louis,

he slid down toward a glacier-carved bowl, where white snow patches glistened as though in defiance to the sun. Enviously, we watched as he slipped his less heavily laden plane on down into the recess of a purple-shadowed canyon.

As he zoomed close by the frowning rock walls, he seemed like some audacious winged sprite, darting mischievously between the legs of an astonished giant in another world. Then, soaring swiftly upward, he flashed like an arrow into the sunlight, to circle a snow-capped peak that towered like a monarch in that vast world of rock. Silhouetted against its snowy crown, he hung poised without seeming motion—an eagle scanning his great realm below.

A drifting, fleecy cloud came between us, enveloping our ship with its swirling white mists. We emerged to behold a fairyland where other clouds lay in soft billows under an azure sky. Here and there appeared a brief opening—a magic glass through which came tantalizing glimpses of the Park, intriguing, swift-changing pictures that sent the eye hurrying on to its next precious view.

Could we but have stopped to enjoy that wonderland! To camp in a serene valley beneath those inspiring peaks, without the thunder of our faithful engines to crash into the age-old silence. Just to rest and to dream, forgetting the world outside and our suddenly petty troubles.

But our ship carried us on relentlessly. Perhaps it was as well, for even in that moment's absorption we had forgotten the Spirit of St. Louis.

Dropping through the nearest hole in the clouds, we found the colonel far down in a flowered valley, where a tiny lake lay prisoner. Across its turquoise surface he skimmed like a dragonfly, while a phantom plane gave chase in the mirrored water beneath.

Nestling at the farther end of the lake was a rustic chalet, from which a canoe was slowly gliding. With paddles transfixed in mid-air, the occupants stared upward at this strange intruder. Then a quick, impassioned welcome, as perhaps they recognized the famous NX-211 that had already thrilled countless thousands.

Climbing into a steep turn, the Spirit of St. Louis soared back over the lake, as its youthful pilot leaned out for one more glance at that peaceful picture. He may have wished for a seaplane, as we had done, that he might alight for even a moment—to drink in the full beauty of that garden spot, and to enjoy the magic solitude that was seldom his.

Soon the lake lay far behind, as we mounted high above a blanket of evergreen forest. No need for air castles here—floating side by side in the invisible sea of the air, we gazed down with all the thrill of discoverers on a new and marvelous domain.

But only for a moment. With a wave of his hand, our always restless companion was gone again, diving into the heart of the green-clad slopes, where a crystal stream sped mistily into some hidden glen below.

Denied the joy of such exploration because of our extra weight, we cruised along lazily above him. But our enforced height lost us no enjoyment, for fresh surprises came on every side. Even at close range, peak and valley and water-

fall captivated our imagination with their appealing beauty. But from on high the Park stretched away in a magnificent panorama that almost stunned our senses before they could take in its loveliness.

That breathless charm! If we could have taken away even a tiny part of it—but exaltation such as this cannot be captured.

By now our minutes had grown to hours, and soon we had to turn our modern magic carpets back to the civilization we had all but forgotten. Reluctantly, we watched the Park fade slowly from our view.

Some day other tourists of the air will follow that unseen trail across the Northwest. They will gaze down on the same picturesque cirques and ice-crowned peaks that Lindbergh saw, and into their hearts will steal the lure of this wonder-filled playground.

Fascinated, they will look on those enchanted lakes, and the haunting spell of Glacier will fall upon them—as it fell upon us that day.

With the memory of this wonderful flight still strong upon us, we took off from Helena on the

following morning for a visit to another famous reservation, Yellowstone Park. Though this trip did not disclose so many beautiful spots, it was interesting in a different way. As we passed across the Montana plains we saw a large herd of sheep and came down to a low altitude to look at them and to wave a greeting to the herdsman.

Our friendly intentions had an unexpected result, for the sheep became alarmed and closed in hastily from all sides. Apparently each one was attempting to reach the safety of the center, for in a few seconds the entire herd was a milling mass that wound tighter and tighter into a huge spiral.

Lindbergh, approaching from the other direction in the Spirit of St. Louis, swooped down for a glance as we had done, sending the sheep rushing back terrified in our direction. The herdsman stood helplessly shaking his fist at both planes. We decided that we were not welcome visitors, so we zoomed upward and went on our way.

While still in the plain country, we saw a

group of curious formations, which looked liked huge batches of dough dropped close together. They seemed to be of some kind of rock. A ranch-house had been built up against one of them, evidently to protect it from the wind. We found later that these were sandstone towers, eroded to their present shape in centuries of time.

We had trouble getting through the clouds that hung low in the passes, but at last we succeeded and flew side by side across Yellowstone Lake. We searched out Old Faithful Geyser as we reached the shore, but it was not in action, though we could see the steam issuing constantly from the ground. We signaled Lindbergh that we would have to go on, as our gas was running low. He waved back that he would fly close to us the rest of the way to Butte.

As we neared the last range between us and Butte, we began to doubt that we would reach our goal, for heavy clouds extended down almost to the bottom of the passes. We finally headed into one where there was a "ceiling" of a hundred feet. There were a few moments

when we were all somewhat tense, for we knew that if the pass became "blind" or choked with clouds, we should have to turn about instantly.

To go on would perhaps be fatal under such conditions, for the pass twisted several times, and we might easily crash into a mountainside hidden by the clouds. Turning about would also be difficult, for Lindbergh was close behind us, and we would have to be careful not to hit him in banking.

Once I glanced around and saw him leaning far out of the window of his ship, his eyes fixed on our plane. Then I knew that he had already thought of this possibility, and was prepared to swing up and above us if we turned. But fortunately there was no need, though at one time we were hurtling just above the telegraph wires that paralleled the railroad tracks below.

At last we shot through the end of the pass, to find ourselves so low that we were nearly leveled off for our landing at Butte. An anxious throng awaited us, for we had been reported forced down in the mountains by fog.

Kusterer had retraced his steps to Butte to

take part in our vacation. He was the first to greet us. I noticed that he had a very worried look.

"Where have you been for the last five hours?" he demanded. "Helena reported that you left there almost seven hours ago. We thought you'd cracked into a mountain."

"We were waiting for Old Faithful to spout," Lindbergh told him.

Kusterer stared.

"That's 250 miles from here," he protested. "I thought you people were flying straight between cities."

"That's only a little way off the course," said Phil, grinning.

"Humph! I guess now you'll be saying Cincinnati is on the route between here and Spokane," Kusterer retorted. "I wouldn't wonder if that's where you were yesterday."

Phil subsided after this, for Kusterer had touched on the one topic which was his vulnerable spot.

On the night of our return to Butte we went down into one of the city's famous copper mines.

Lindbergh secretly tried to make an arrangement with the hoist engineer to "drop" the double-deck iron cage in which we were to descend, the shaft being only about two thousand eight-hundred feet deep. But our host signaled the hoist man otherwise at the last second, and we went down at only a rapid rate, instead of at breath-taking speed.

Lindbergh was visibly disappointed.

"I wanted to give Kusterer a surprise," he said.

"Never mind the surprises," said Kusterer emphatically. "I came back here for a rest. If you'd been traveling by railroad all over the country trying to keep ahead of a couple of airplanes you'd be ready to rest, too."

After a short while at the camp it began to look as though rest was the last thing Lindbergh desired. Free for once to move without being followed by crowds, he relaxed quickly. In a few hours he proved himself a good shot with both rifle and pistol, skilled in handling a canoe, versed in fishing tactics, and able to explore the surrounding wilderness without a guide.

By the end of the first night his love of a good joke had also been practically demonstrated. He found that one member of the tour party had never heard of a snipe hunt. He carefully explained the details to the unsuspecting victim, aided by the rest of the outfit. That night found this member sitting beside an open sack out in the thickest woods, a lantern beside him, and in his hand a large bell, which he rang continuously to attract the wary snipe.

Lindbergh and rest of the party had left him with the understanding that they would go out and drive in the snipe. After an hour or two the victim began to suspect that all was not well, for no snipe had shown up. After getting lost on his way back, he finally reached camp and found every one comfortably seated around the fire.

He took this so good-naturedly that a more elaborate stunt was planned for his benefit. A bear skin was used in planting several convincing tracks and the skin was then carefully arranged in a lifelike posture at a spot in the woods nearby. Early in the morning a loud

yell came from the cook tent. The guides ran over hastily. The cook pointed to a torn spot on a quarter of beef hanging from the ridge-pole. By this time the intended victim had arrived. The cook explained the trouble with many gestures.

"Bear!" he exclaimed. "He was right in here, clawin' at that beef, when I woke up."

Tracks were found outside the tent, leading away into the woods. Charley, one of the guides, nodded to himself.

"He's a big one," he said to the cook. "You keep your eyes open and give me a yell if he comes in again."

The cook snorted.

"I'm not going to sleep in that tent," he declared. "No bear is gettin' that close to me again."

"What are you going to do?" the snipe hunter asked the guide.

"I'm going to get that bear," was the reply. "He'll be in here again after dark to-night."

The visitor begged to be taken on the hunt.

Charley at first refused, but at last gave in on condition that the other man would not carry a gun.

"You might get excited and take me for the bear," he explained. "We don't want anybody getting shot up here."

That night the whole party was gathered around the fire when a slight commotion sounded from the direction of the cook tent. A few seconds later the guide ran up and signaled the erstwhile snipe hunter. Together they disappeared into the darkness of the woods.

In a minute or two a shout was heard. Then came a couple of shots. After this we heard a louder yell. It was Charley's voice.

"The gun's jammed! Follow me, we've got to run for it."

The sound of this had hardly died away when we heard someone dashing along the trail. Past us went the would-be bear hunter, straight for the gun tent.

"Got to help Charley," he gasped. "Poor fellow, he couldn't run fast enough."

Just then Charley himself appeared, rather out of breath.

"Say, that fellow doesn't need any wings to fly," he wheezed. "He's an airplane all by himself."

Shorty Lynch, Colonel Lindbergh's former flying partner, was another one to be a victim. Someone found him dozing on his cot, fully dressed. A noose was laid around one of his boots and the end of the line was thrown over the ridgepole of his tent. At a signal he was jerked abruptly from his sleep and drawn skyward. His shoulders remained on the cot, but his efforts to release himself were useless. He remained in this position for 15 minutes, while all members of the camp were invited to make an inspection. After he had been photographed several times he was cut down. Somehow this spirit became contagious, spreading rapidly through the entire camp.

As Lindbergh had a guiding hand in the first of these affairs, he soon fell under constant suspicion whenever anything of the kind happened. Some of the party took advantage of

this. Even though the colonel was nowhere near when a small powder bomb exploded in the club tent, he was immediately blamed, and from then on for several things with which he had little or no connection.

By the second night his appearance in the club tent was sufficient to cause distinct uneasiness, and even immediate evacuation by one or two members of the party. If he stood up to walk behind someone's chair, its occupant hastily faced about to see what was going on. Even when sitting still, he was watched carefully and a sudden smile was the cause of obvious apprehension.

That night Kusterer found a large fish in his bed. He seemed to think that Lindbergh was guilty.

"I'm going to get even with him," he told me. "But you'll have to help. I'm sleeping in the same tent with him and I can't work it."

He proceeded to secure a rope so that when pulled it would jerk down Lindbergh's bed. He concealed it carefully, leading the end from his tent to mine.

"I'll put out the light when Slim turns in," he said, "then you yank the rope. And throw the end outside so he won't know who did it."

This seemed reasonable, so I consented. I waited for the signal and hauled heavily at the rope. It seemed to be caught on something. I redoubled my efforts but the expected crash from Lindbergh's tent did not come.

Lifting up the side of my tent, I poked out my head and discovered I had been trying to pull down a tree about two feet in diameter. As I was disgustedly considering this explanation, with slow suspicion of Kusterer growing on me, a sudden shower of cold water descended from out of the shadows.

Whether Kusterer or Lindbergh caused that unexpected chilly bath I do not know, but of one thing there is no doubt—with all respect to Kusterer, the brain that created the trap into which I blithely walked was the same as the one which planned that brilliant flight across the Atlantic.

CHAPTER X

ON TO THE GOLDEN WEST

THOSE carefree days, with parades and banquets forgotten, were an excellent preparation for the long weeks that followed. After five days during which Colonel Lindbergh was non-existent, when as "Slim" he roamed about the camp a non-ranking member of the "outfit," it seemed strange to go back to a world where thousands hung onto every gesture, where scores of policemen were needed to force a way for him into hotels, and where even the best attempts at privacy in his own quarters sometimes failed.

An example of this latter occurred at a hotel in a large city where a dozen officers were posted in the corridors and before the doorway to our suite. When we returned from the banquet the

committee bade Colonel Lindbergh good night at the door. We entered the suite alone.

"I'm going to start mapping—" the colonel began, and then stopped short, his eyes snapping in an unaccustomed manner as he stared across the room.

A radio microphone had been placed on the ledge of an open window, hardly noticeable in that secluded position. Motioning us to keep silent, Lindbergh strode over and picked it up. The wires trailed out of the window and far down the side of the building. He gave a pull, using the instrument as a handle. Something cracked in the microphone and a second later the wires gave way below. Drawing the dangling ends into the room, he coolly turned to a police officer whom one of us had called inside.

"You can tell the man who put that in here we're through with it," he said and went on into his bedroom.

The officer scratched his head.

"From the looks of it I doubt if it'll ever be of much use to anybody," he hazarded. "But I'll keep it in case the owner comes around."

Microphones frequently had caused difficulties of another nature, both at banquets and at open air meetings where field amplifiers were used. Naturally, the other speakers at these ceremonies were often of lesser stature than Colonel Lindbergh, and an adjustment which was correct for them placed the instrument out of range for him.

Raising or lowering the microphone was done ordinarily as quickly and unostentatiously as possible, when the colonel began to speak. But on one afternoon the opposite had held true. The radio announcer, instead of stepping to one side of the platform, assumed a rather prominent position and watched critically as the colonel started to talk. In a few seconds, he leaned forward, released the setscrew and raised the microphone a few inches. After another short interval this was repeated. Lindbergh hesitated for an instant but went on.

The announcer cocked his head on one side in the manner of an artist inspecting his work. Apparently still dissatisfied, he made one more

attempt, although the amplifiers seemed to be performing quite well.

This time he stood almost behind the microphone, so that his back was toward the audience, while he sighted along an imaginary line from the instrument to the colonel's lips.

Lindbergh stopped talking and waited. As the announcer withdrew, he held out his hand.

"Thank you very much," he said politely, and without a trace of a smile.

The announcer reddened to his ears, the crowd roared, and Lindbergh went on with his brief talk.

It had seemed good to be in the air once more, on resumption of our flight on the first stage from Butte to Spokane. But the trip to Seattle was more difficult. Clouds hung very low over the mountains, filling most of the passes. Colonel Lindbergh had to climb up over them to pass the range. On the other side he found a hole through which he managed to pick up the ground again.

We were forced to detour far to the south, for we carried much less gas than the Spirit of

St. Louis. If we had crossed the range and had been unable to find a hole in the clouds, there would not have been enough gas left to carry us back. For this reason we had to look for an open pass. Cispus Pass was the first one we could find. This took us close by Mount Adams and on to a point almost within view of Portland, our next day's stop. From here we turned north, flying up the Columbia River as far as we could, for this was the only clear passage we could find.

With less than half an hour's gas left, we landed at Sand Point, Seattle. We could have landed for fuel at Portland or Tacoma, however, if we had desired.

The next day was quite as interesting, though less troublesome. We deviated to follow the Columbia River part of the way. Stern-wheelers passed beneath us, pushing log rafts. At one side of the river a huge raft waited its turn at a lumber mill. Fishermen stared up at us from small boats, as we flew down by them.

Once a cannery whistle sent us a greeting. We could not hear it because of our engine, but the white steam was easily seen. The day was warm

and clear. We cruised along slowly, enjoying every moment in the air.

From Portland to San Francisco was a longer flight, but the scenery made up for this. We flew over Crater Lake, which lies like a sparkling gem in the crater of an extinct volcano. The surface of this beautiful blue lake is high above the water level of the surrounding country. Then we climbed up to get a good glimpse of Mount Shasta, a very beautiful scene, as the day was clear and bright. Its snowcap was visible for many miles.

The Golden Gate was covered with a faint haze as we came into San Francisco. Still, we were able to get a good view of the bay and the long piers that reached out into the water. By the clock on the water-front tower we saw that we were on time. We went on to the airport, while Colonel Lindbergh circled about the city.

His extreme care for the inevitable crowd, which was the secret for completion of the tour without injuring anyone, was needed at San Francisco.

At Mills Field he had leveled off and was

almost on the ground when more than three hundred school children ran onto the landing area, directly toward the Spirit of St. Louis. But Lindbergh's eyes were already on them. His engine roared wide open. The ship shot upward over the heads of the now thoroughly frightened children. He did not land until one of the tour party signaled that the field was clear.

It is this remarkable faculty for keeping his head at all times that has made him the superflyer that he is. Without this characteristic, his greatest victory might have been turned into tragedy at the moment of his winning, when those first thousands of joy-crazed Parisians ran blindly toward the still rotating propeller of the Spirit of St. Louis when he landed at Le Bourget Field.

We had hoped that the rather extensive advertising of this danger, and Kusterer's emphatic warning to committees would reduce difficulty from this source, but human nature was not to be so easily changed.

At one city where we stopped for an hour the crowd far exceeded that which the local police

had anticipated. No enclosure for the planes had been provided, so that hundreds gathered around as close as they could get. Just as Lindbergh started the engine of the Spirit of St. Louis the senior police official hurriedly came to the side of the cabin.

"Colonel, I hate to ask it," he said anxiously, "but I think you'd better get away as soon as you can. There's a bunch of smart aleck fellows out there and they're too much for my men. In a minute they'll be all over your ship."

Lindbergh looked at his temperature gauge. "I can't go for a few minutes," he said calmly. Then he glanced back at the crowd. Just at that second a concerted movement from the group in front sent one or two people stumbling almost on the elevators of the transatlantic plane.

Lindbergh reached for the throttle and in a moment the troublesome youths in the foreground were literally blown off their feet by the force of the propeller blast.

Inside of a few seconds they had crawled away to one side, out of the stream of dust that the Spirit of St. Louis was hurling back at them.

Under the ridicule of the onlookers, they hastily slunk away and disappeared. There was no more trouble that morning.

On the morning of our departure from San Francisco, we took off early, as there were many things we wished to see. Among these were the Seal Rocks, the Cliff House, and a wrecked ship at the entrance to the harbor. Across the Golden Gate we saw the redwood forests and Mount Tamalpais. As we headed back toward Oakland we saw scores of ferryboats shuttling back and forth across the bay.

Once or twice we had to turn sharply to miss flocks of sea gulls. A forced landing from a shattered propeller could have been caused by striking one of these birds. At Berkeley we came down for a closer view of the University of California.

On the preceding year, when we had flown over Oakland in the "Josephine Ford," there had not been any airport at all. But now the city had an excellent field, and part of the equipment was already installed.

We landed for a brief visit, resting our wheels

upon the same ground used by the transpacific flyers in their take-off for Hawaii. The Oakland police had become accustomed to handling crowds during these flights. Their control on our arrival was perfect. The touch-stop program went off without any difficulty.

At the end of an hour we took off again for Sacramento. Over Suisan Bay we saw a perfect formation of large birds. They seemed to be pelicans. We came down very close, expecting to see the formation break at our approach. Instead, the birds swung into an arc and began circling to the left. We began banking and followed them. Because of our higher speed, we gained very quickly. One at a time, those nearest us gave up and slipped away to one side. Three or four of the birds, however, held stubbornly to the formation, turning as rapidly as we.

When we came into Sacramento we found we had neglected to get maps locating the airport. All that is necessary is to know the direction of the airport from the center of the city. With this information, a pilot can fly in that direction until

he sees the field. If the direction is not known, he may fly aimlessly for a long time before he locates it.

This time there was not so much trouble as there would have been ordinarily. Love solved the problem by watching the highways leading out of the city. One of them contained more traffic than the others, so we followed it and in a few minutes came to the airport.

Our week-end at Sacramento was almost disrupted by Lindbergh's desire to be out in the open. At least a week before we reached the city, he had been talking of a camping trip.

"We'll get up early Sunday morning—about three o'clock," he said enthusiastically. "No one but a few guards will be at the airport and we can take off without any trouble. We'll carry along some food and we can camp between Sacramento and Reno."

"It's pretty bad country between there and Reno," I objected, with my vision of a comfortable hotel bed fast fading away, and a picture of a cold night in the mountains taking its place.

"That will be all right," Lindbergh assured

me. "I barnstormed out that way a few years ago and I remember passing over a place where we could land easily. I'm sure I could find it again. It isn't within miles of a road or a village and we'll have the whole place to ourselves."

But by the time we reached Sacramento, "Doc" Maidment had found an argument, for he and I sided against Lindbergh and Love.

"The people here expect the Spirit of St. Louis to be on display all Sunday," he told the colonel. "You can't take it away without disappointing them."

Lindbergh hesitated about a second. "All right —we'll take the advance plane and come back early Monday for the Spirit of St. Louis."

"How about the newspapers?" I said, "By tomorrow morning they'll have you 'lost' on a mystery trip. And when you don't show up at night they'll be searching the whole Rocky Mountain Range."

Even this had little effect, and it was only after he found that some upkeep work on the two planes was advisable that he decided against the idea.

From Sacramento we flew to Reno. On the way we passed over Lake Tahoe, Pyramid Lake, and Smoke Creek Desert.

The flight to Los Angeles took us over Carson City and the Yosemite National Park. We spent a little time flying over the park, with its beautiful falls and peaks, then passed on along the Sierra Nevadas.

Farther south we came down into Death Valley. Although we were flying at more than 100 miles per hour, the heat was quite oppressive. It must have been very uncomfortable for the few automobile tourists we saw crawling along a few hundred feet below us. Once or twice we dropped down beside them and waved. We could have landed, for the floor of the desert in several places was packed almost as hard as rock. After Death Valley, we passed over Borax Flat and a little later reached Los Angeles.

Next day we had an example of the power of the public's imagination where Lindgergh was concerned. A newspaper story appeared in which a desert dweller described the graceful landing of a silver airplane in Death Valley, and

the lone spectator's astonishment at seeing Colonel Lindbergh step from the cabin after shutting off his engine.

There followed a long description of a conversation between the two, and then a vivid word-picture of the transatlantic ship's taking off under the scorching desert sun.

"Now that's what I call a masterpiece," exclaimed Lindbergh when he saw the paper. "That's a good story, and the only thing wrong about it is that I wasn't within forty miles of that spot, and I didn't land anywhere between Reno and Los Angeles!"

Lindbergh's ability to hide his humor under a serious expression almost caused me to get arrested at San Diego. During our two-day visit at the city where the Spirit of St. Louis had first taken the air, Lindbergh spent much of his unofficial time with B. F. Mahoney, builder of the New York-Paris ship, and with other old friends. Love, Maidment and I used this period for a vacation from the business of being "buffers" for the colonel.

On the second afternoon I was driving along

a boulevard in an open roadster when I heard the familiar shriek of motorcycle sirens. Preceded by four or five traffic police, along came the colonel, also in an open car. Mahoney and one or two friends were with him.

They passed swiftly without seeing me and I speeded up to a position just left of their rear bumper, blowing my horn noisily. Mahoney turned and then tapped Lindbergh on the shoulder. When he glanced around I knew I was in for something. Without a second's hesitation he had his driver signal one of the policemen ahead.

When the officer looked around Lindbergh gestured toward me in an annoyed manner. That was enough. The officer dropped back at once.

"Pull over there!" he commanded, while Lindbergh grinned at my confusion. "Where do you think—"

Glancing up, he surprised an intensely amused expression on Mahoney's face, though Lindberg's grin had vanished instantly. Comprehension dawned on him, and he went back again to his post, but not without a long stare at the colonel that held a variety of emotions.

CHAPTER XI

THE COLONEL WINS A DUEL

DURING this stage of the tour Colonel Lindbergh was besieged with requests to help stop further transoceanic flight attempts, on account of the tragedies occurring in some cases from lack of preparation and understanding of the difficulties to be encountered.

He was emphatic against such restriction, even though he frankly admitted that pioneering had its hazards.

"But I don't believe in stopping such flights, just because they have an element of danger," he declared firmly. "It would place a ban on scientific progress. What if the Government had abandoned the air mail service during the heavy casualty period of its first air mail days? We should not have our remarkable system of airways and the famous transcontinental route."

OAKLAND TURNS OUT TO SEE LINDBERGH

COLONEL LINDBERGH MEETS AN OLD FRIEND AT BUTTE, MONT.

LEFT TO RIGHT: CARLOS RYAN, HOST TO THE PARTY AT A CAMP ON ELBOW LAKE, COLONEL LINDBERGH AND

We were discussing the subject later in our rooms. There was no question of his sincere belief in the safety of flying when proper precautions are taken.

"Even now people don't fully realize how far the airplane has advanced," he said. "Ordinary flying was more dangerous, hour for hour, in the period just after the flights of the Wright Brothers, than transoceanic hops are now."

But, though he sincerely held to this belief, Lindbergh never encouraged anyone to make long distance over-water flights.

"The pioneering is done," he explained. "It is time for research and careful development. But if such flights are to be made, there should be very careful consideration and preparation before starting."

At one city a girl who was planning a flight to Honolulu insisted on talking with Lindbergh about her project. I asked her a few questions. Her answers indicated that she was seeking encouragement by talking with someone who had made the "jump," rather than mere technical advice. I told the colonel my opinion.

"Send her to see Phil about it," he decided. "Only don't tell him she's coming or he'll lock his door."

Phil, caught unawares because of his unbarred door, listened for five minutes and then shot a few queries at her.

"Better forget it," he said bluntly, "or else plan it a lot more carefully. That Honolulu hop is a bad one with those small islands to hit at. You'll be out there in the pond like the rest of them if you don't learn more about it."

Whether his somewhat unflattering opinion was the cause, we never knew, but that particular flight was not attempted.

Lindbergh's opinion in regard to regulation did not extend to established commercial operations.

"Aviation can never become truly great until it has the confidence of the public," he stated at one time when asked his opinion of governmental regulation. "It is hard for the average man to decide which planes are safe and which pilots are skilled. The government should guarantee safety in air travel through proper regulation and guid-

ance of training schools, operating personnel and aircraft construction. Frequently, lack of inspection and regulation has caused fatal accidents."

One night his attitude was conclusively demonstrated. We had just returned to our rooms when the roar of an airplane engine was heard. We opened a window in time to see a small commercial-type plane zoom over a nearby building with a margin of only a few yards. In a minute the unknown pilot returned, flying above the street at a low altitude, once even descending lower than our windows.

It happened that Inspector Wilson of the Department of Commerce was present.

"I'm going out to the airport," he decided hastily, after a glimpse of this performance. "Anybody that hasn't any more sense than that—"

The rest was lost as he hurried through the doorway. Lindbergh watched the erratic maneuvers of the night flyer, below whom people were staring upward.

"A man like that ought to be stopped from flying," he said at last rather grimly. "It isn't

what he will do to himself, it is what might happen if he had to land in the street."

He turned to Phil Love, who was writing an official description of the incident.

"I'd rather not push myself into this," he remarked quietly, "but if it will strengthen the case, I will write out a statement for the Department."

Special tour regulations for Lindbergh's own safety, however, were quite different, as far as he was concerned. The matter of other planes being asked to stay on the ground when the Spirit of St. Louis arrived at each city was the subject of serious discussion at the very beginning of the tour. Mr. Guggenheim, President of Daniel Guggenheim Foundation, which sponsored the trip, was in favor of this step.

"The Spirit of St. Louis is 'blind', and some one might get in front of you," he told the colonel. "I think we had better ask everyone to stay out of the air until you have landed."

Lindbergh shook his head quickly.

"I don't want all the pilots to think we're trying to order them around," he objected. "I can keep clear of other ships."

"Probably you could," agreed Mr. Guggenheim, "but everyone who could fly would be in the air and there would be chances of the less skilled pilots bumping into each other. It wouldn't be like a regular formation, you know."

Lindbergh considered thoughtfully.

"All right," he assented, after a few moments. "I'd rather not do it, but we can't have any accidents."

In general, this rule was obeyed by both military and commercial flyers, though there were several times when we had to play the part of aerial policemen in the advance plane.

Most of those who disregarded our request were pilots who had been hired to get aerial pictures of the Spirit of St. Louis "at all costs."

In each case when we spied one of these planes, Phil would fly alongside and signal the pilot down, pointing to the Department of Commerce insignia on our plane to show his authority for the order. Some gave up at that, but several times the pilot would nod, start into a glide, and then quickly try to bank around and escape.

But Phil was always too quick for these

dodgers. Edging a little closer, he would lean out and again tap the Federal insignia, pointing down a little more emphatically this time. If the other pilot still persisted, he would soon find himself in the uncomfortable position of being forced down at close enough quarters to see the glint in the eyes of our red-headed pilot.

An opportunity to keep in good training for this closing-in on offenders was given us one morning as we circled over a city where we had agreed to meet the Spirit of St. Louis.

Many of the thousands below, evidently mistaking our ship for that of Lindbergh, released paper balloons which were soon drifting up toward us by scores.

Phil decided to try a little target practice, and headed for one, catching it neatly with his wing tip. A vertical bank netted us another one and then a quick zoom added a third. In a few minutes Lindbergh appeared and joined in the attack, so that the sky was soon clear. We waited a little while for a reinforcement from the ground, but evidently our tactics had been discouraging, for we saw no more balloons.

Once or twice our rule covering other planes was not strictly followed. An instance occurred when two rival editors at a touch-stop city ordered their press photographers to obtain pictures of the Spirit of St. Louis from the air, in the period just following Lindbergh's take-off.

Hearing of this just as Colonel Lindbergh was about to leave, I mentioned it to Phil Love, but before we had time to request the local pilots not to carry the photographers, Lindbergh interrupted.

"Let them go ahead," he said, looking with new interest at the two planes that stood with propellers already whirling. "Don't say a word to them. And keep clear of them after you take off."

His eyes shone in anticipation as he climbed into the Spirit of St. Louis.

As he took off, both of the other planes hastily swung about and roared down the field after him, taking the dust of the transatlantic ship. As the first of the local planes left the ground, the photographer in the rear seat stood up and pointed his camera ahead.

Lindbergh must have been watching. The Spirit of St. Louis suddenly shot upward into a climbing turn that took it out of range before the photographer could move his camera.

By this time we had followed in the advance plane and were watching the performance with more than ordinary amusement and interest. The two photographic planes pivoted around in the effort to get in position for a good picture. But their controls had hardly moved when the Spirit of St. Louis went into a fast sideslip. Lindbergh ended this maneuver as he came directly beneath the nearest of his would-be neighbors. The photographer in this plane leaned out first on one side and then on the other as he sought to locate his elusive quarry. But Lindbergh anticipated each movement of the pilot above and kept himself well hidden.

In spite of their disobedience of the local committee's order and our request, I began to pity the two newspaper men, for I had gone through this experience only too often when trying to get an unusual picture.

Lindbergh could not have stayed out of range

more carefully if the cameras of the two now desperate men had been machine guns. Nor could an enemy pilot, bent on Lindbergh's destruction, have had any more success in training his guns.

For almost fifteen minutes this peculiar air battle continued. Never still for an instant when a camera could be focussed, Lindbergh gave every evidence of keenest delight as he easily outwitted the two disgruntled pilots who now combined to force him into an exposed position. At last, with a lightning like 180-degree turn, he whirled about, and headed to the rear. The other two ships immediately began to bank, but by the time they had completed turning, Lindbergh had flashed around once more, shooting far down below them at such speed he was more than a mile away before they had time to recover and take up the chase.

The next day I saw the colonel looking over a newspaper with more than ordinary interest. It had been published in the city we had just visited. He smiled as I caught his eye, but said nothing. Later I glanced at the paper. It did

not contain any new aerial photographs of the Spirit of St. Louis.

Straight flying between many of the tour cities would have been rather routine, but Lindbergh was always on the lookout for something unusual. A picturesque spot was sufficient to lure him from a straight course, though he never permitted this restless desire for exploration to interfere with keeping on schedule. When pressed for time, or flying under the handicap of bad weather, he never deviated from the shortest and surest course.

Though both ships flew together frequently, the rest of us suspected that Lindbergh sometimes longed to be absolutely alone at times, even out of sight of another plane. So we seldom made any attempt to follow him in his frequent explorations, many of which took him into strange and isolated spots. Several times he returned from these side trips with interesting anecdotes.

"I saw something funny today," he told us one evening. "I was flying low around the side of a mountain when I saw an Indian village ahead.

It was the only sign of life I had seen for a hundred miles, I was heading into a stiff wind so the Indians didn't hear the noise of my engine. I dropped down to see what they would do when they saw the Spirit of St. Louis, but I was almost on top of them before they looked up. At that second about 25 Indians were in sight. The next second they were streaking for their huts, falling into them headfirst, all but one old fat squaw. She was scared to death and was doing her best, but she couldn't waddle any faster. Finally she dropped down, as I flew over her, and crawled on her hands and knees for the nearest tent.

"I circled around for five minutes but not one of them even peeked out. I suppose they thought I was some kind of a flying devil."

But even incidents like these were not enough for him. He several times regretted that the tour schedule did not call for any night flying. When it became necessary to make a partial night trip from Santa Fe to Fort Worth, he did not hide his elation. This change was caused by the accidental arrangement of a "touch stop"

instead of an overnight stop for New Mexico. Lindbergh insisted that this be corrected as soon as he learned of it.

Kusterer was already far ahead of this section when he received our telegrams to go back and "cover" Santa Fe. He immediately sent this reply:

"Tell Slim I swear he left out that stop on purpose to get in some night hops."

Lindbergh laughed when he saw this.

"I guess we do cause him a lot of trouble," he admitted.

We had an idea of how much this trouble was on the following week.

"Tell Slim," Kusterer directed me, during a long distance call, "that I'd like to get him out here and make him double back by rail over that territory. And ask him if he has any idea of the size of Texas."

At least five days ahead, Lindbergh figured our program for that night.

"We'll have to get up at 12:15 a.m.," he announced with open satisfaction. "We'll eat

breakfast at 1:00 and reach the airport at 1:30. Then we'll take off at 2:15."

There was little chance to get any sleep stored up for this flight. We left El Paso Sunday morning, flying parallel to the border for a glimpse of Juarez and that part of Mexico which lies below the Rio Grande at this point.

Then we swung off and headed for Santa Fe, which proved to be a beautiful oasis in the surrounding land of rock and desert. We found it even more picturesque on landing, but as we planned to retire early we had little time to explore its many interesting spots.

Among the hundreds who gathered at the airport that night was Katherine Stinson, one of the first woman pilots of America.

"I'd like to be making this hop," she told us. "It's going to be nice flying tonight."

The newly constructed field had no lights but this did not bother Lindbergh or Love. The engines were started with the aid of flashlights and soon were shooting red and blue exhaust flames from their stacks.

"All we need now is an automobile at the lower end of the field," Lindbergh told the airport officials as we prepared to take off. "We can tell by its headlights where we have to be off the ground."

A few minutes later the Spirit of St. Louis dashed into the darkness, showed for a second above the car at the end of the field and then was gone. We followed after giving Lindbergh time to get clear.

At first we had no trouble in flying. The sky was free from clouds and the stars shone brightly. Below and off to the sides was only a black void, so that we seemed to be floating in space far removed from any planet.

Every few minutes a faint flicker of light showed off to the left, as Lindbergh swung his flashlight out of his window to warn us if we happened to be near. He could see us, for our navigation lights were switched on, but we had not expected to do any night flying and had not equipped the Spirit of St. Louis with lights.

After a while we ceased to see the reassuring flash, but this was not alarming for Lindbergh

had told us he would swing a little to the left to keep at a safe distance. We were soon glad of this, for in a few minutes we ran into a mass of clouds, where Phil's skill at instrument flying was put to a good test. He climbed up higher, so that we would not fly into a mountain peak that might have been hidden in these clouds.

We had expected to watch the sunrise but before dawn both sky and ground were totally hidden from us as we flew between two cumulus layers. Two hours passed before we could get down through the clouds, as we could not find any break in the lower formation. It would have been unwise to fly down blindly for we might have struck a mountain before we could see it. When we did find a hole we hastily spiraled down through it, but our troubles were not over, for in that long flight out of sight of the earth we had been unable to check our drift and now we were temporarily lost.

We flew steadily in one direction for several minutes and at last sighted a small village. We had expected to see the name somewhere on one of the stores, but it was not visible. We flew

as low as we dared, while all three of us hurriedly searched for an identification, but in vain.

"Let's find a railroad," exclaimed Phil, jamming open the throttle and climbing up to an altitude where we could see for miles in all directions. The railroad was soon located and in ten minutes we were flying parallel with the tracks. A second village came into sight and this time we had no difficulty in reading the name on the railroad station. We were forty miles from Abilene, where a two-hour stop was scheduled.

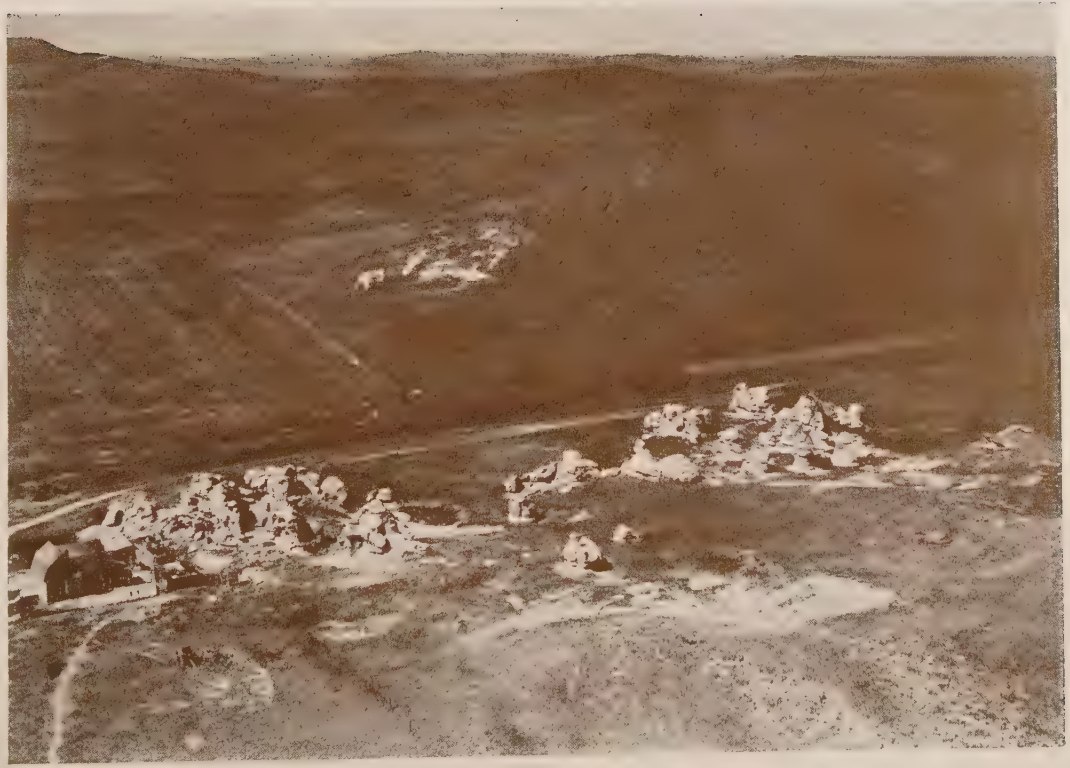
To our chagrin Lindbergh had already arrived, exactly on time, and had gone ahead with the program.

"It's a good thing this doesn't happen very often," said "Doc" Maidment. "Slim would find out he didn't need any help at all."

The number of people who gathered at the cities where we made temporary stops, as at Abilene, was always surprising. Here, as in the case of other "touch stops" we found residents of far outlying sections of the State and even adjacent States.

"I've been driving all night to get here," one

OUR ESCORT INTO HOLLYWOOD



SANDSTONE TOWERS, MONTANA

husky Texan told us matter-of-factly. "But this boy of mine would have wanted me strung up if I'd kept him from seeing Lindbergh."

"That ain't anything," scoffed another bystander. "My old bus broke down and made me late when he stopped at Lordsburg, so I just kept right on coming. If I'd've missed him here I'd've struck out for the next likely place."

The hospitality of those whom we met on touch stops was always heart-warming, and often of even more material benefit. Several times we were given baskets of lunch to be eaten on the way to our regular afternoon stops, for our temporary hosts realized that we had risen at an early hour to include these extra visits and that we would not have a chance to eat until much later.

On one occasion the basket given the colonel alone was so plentifully filled that the whole party could not have finished it. After he had eaten what he could, he disposed of the remainder by the simple process of dropping it overboard, as we were over an uninhabited territory.

Suddenly we noticed that he seemed very much interested in something. We flew close to the Spirit of St. Louis and noticed an unusual phenomenon. The colonel would select a tomato and toss it out from his window at a slightly forward angle. The tomato would be caught at once in the slipstream of the whirling propeller, so that its forward movement was quickly checked.

For a fraction of a second it appeared to hang in space, as its bulk and smooth round surface prevented the wind blasts from hurling it backwards. Then it began to move to the rear, slowly and almost majestically, as though to show its disdain at being disposed of so summarily. Lindbergh continued this performance until the last tomato was gone.

CHAPTER XII

THE REAL LINDBERGH

WHEN the Abilene ceremonies were over we went on to Fort Worth, arriving at two o'clock, as usual. The regular three-hour program and evening banquet followed, yet Lindbergh showed no signs of fatigue, though this had been his hardest day.

This is one of his most interesting and remarkable characteristics, his ability to remain cheerful and in good spirits under trying conditions. The long hard grind of the tour was sufficient to lower the spirits of anyone, especially those of the man on whose shoulders rested the success of the undertaking.

The personal inconveniences which he had to undergo were many, yet at no time did he complain, nor even seem to be troubled in the slight-

est. Under the handicap of early rising, day after day, to begin long flights and to start a new succession of parades, speeches, interviews and banquets, he was always good-natured, although one or two of us grumbled readily.

Once we began our official day at such an early hour that the matter of breakfast presented difficulties, for the kitchen staff of the hotel had not arrived.

"That's all right," Lindbergh assured the anxious hotel manager, on this occasion. "We'll get some sandwiches on the way out to the airport. Don't worry about it at all."

Nor was he in the least troubled, although it was to be five o'clock in the afternoon before we would have a chance to eat again.

Many people did not fully realize this cheerful side of Lindbergh's nature. More than once his serious manner in public caused rumors to be started that he was becoming bored and irritable. A moment's consideration would have shown the author of such a rumor that Lindbergh would find something of interest in almost any situation which confronted him, even if he had

entirely lacked appreciation of the way in which his admirers showed their esteem. And a little more careful inspection of his expression as he passed before the crowds would have shown the folly of accusing him of irritation.

At one time Lindbergh's habitually quiet manner during a parade caused him to be described as sullen and his salute as forced and unreal. Probably it was this same characteristic of seriousness in public which was the basis for a surprisingly widespread report at another time that he actually scorned the crowds that came to cheer him, and that from the moment of his landing at the Navy Yard in Washington he regarded each day as one of persecution.

It happened that I was at the Navy Yard when he left the *Memphis* to walk between two rows of pilots before entering his car. There was nothing but true appreciation of the homage paid him by brother flyers visible in his face and evident in his manner. At no time during the tour of the United States did he exhibit less appreciation as he passed through the crowded streets of forty-eight States.

Although it was his lack of effusiveness that in part brought about this partial misunderstanding of his attitude, this is one of the basic elements on which Lindbergh's character is built. It was as impossible for him to break into superlatives in act or speech as it would have been for him to hurt anyone deliberately. If he had replaced his self-contained demeanor with a hail-fellow-well-met manner, or his simple, direct words with flowery phrases, he would no longer have been Lindbergh, but a man who had lost his head at the laudations of the world.

The one situation in which he might easily have lost his patience did not affect his control of himself. Day after day, when at close quarters in a frenzied, jostling throng that fought madly to lay hands upon him—often hurting themselves in the effort—he remained surprisingly cool. If at times the rudeness of the few inevitable buffoons among the great masses of people aroused his resentment he hid it successfully.

Once, seeing that the circumstances were becoming desperate, as those in front of a large crowd were almost being crushed by those who

pushed from the rear, he stepped to the front of the platform and after a hurried whisper to the chairman of ceremonies, took command of the situation.

Inside of five seconds after he had raised his hand the all-but-hysterical assemblage had quieted and was listening intently.

"Women and children are being hurt here in front," he said incisively. "There is no need of that. Please move back—everybody!"

That was all. The crowd relaxed and drew back almost as though ashamed of its thoughtlessness. Yet a minute before, the police and emergency guards had given up in despair. No one but Charles Lindbergh could have changed that situation so quickly and effectively.

At one time he found that someone in our party, through an error, had approved a request for him to fly over a certain city before going to his next scheduled stopping place. He had known nothing of this, and had agreed to circle two other cities in an opposite section of the State. When the difficulty was realized he refused to make any excuses, or to omit any of

these aerial visits. Not did he show any irritation toward the one who had made the mistake.

"I'll take on some extra gas and start two hours earlier," he announced casually. "It won't be any trouble. Besides, there is some country in that part of the State which I would like to see."

"We'll have to get up at 3:15 according to that," observed Phil Love.

"That's right," said Lindbergh, "And as long as we are going to fly over that other city we might as well add M——— and C———. We told them last week we couldn't make it, but they won't be much out of the way now."

Even when a more serious error once embarrassed him so that only his quick wit and tact saved the situation, he generously refrained from even the slightest reproach of the tour member at fault.

Nor did he ever permit any of us to be blamed if he could avoid it. After leaving one city we learned of some editorials which severely criticized the management of the ceremonies during our visit. One of them even contained a refer-

ence to Lindbergh's being bullied into agreeing with certain undesirable details. Very evidently the author of these comments had not stopped to consider the colonel's character very carefully, or he would have known that he was not the type to be bullied into anything.

When the statement was called to Lindbergh's attention he was disturbed at the misunderstanding which the readers of the editorial must have received, but as he read the reference to the "bullying" he smiled involuntarily.

"We'll have to cut out this ordering the colonel around," Phil said to me. Then he looked around at Maidment, who was the shortest of the four of us. "Doc, I told you to stop picking on Slim or it would get into the papers."

Lindbergh laughed, but immediately afterward he became serious.

"We'll have to try harder than ever to avoid these things," he cautioned us. "We know that what happened wasn't our fault, but the people who read that will think otherwise. So let's all be a little more careful to keep from offending anyone."

Knowing that there would be more far-reaching results from these criticisms, he lost no time in writing letters of explanation to the tour officials in New York and Washington, exonerating the rest of us from blame.

His loyalty to his tour companions was always in evidence, particularly when efforts were made to single him out for some special entertainment or recreation on rest days. There were many of these, some by people who were desirous only of giving the colonel a change of environment, and some by those who had more selfish aims, wishing to exploit him for personal reasons.

During the three months he was invited to hunting lodges, estates, ranches, mountain homes, and a score of other interesting places, but in almost every instance he declined politely.

"I'm sorry, but we can't split up the party," he said on most of these occasions. "You see, we're a working team, and we can't carry out our plans so well if we're separated even for a part of the time."

Fort Worth was one of our milestones on the tour, for we had found that from here the flights would be shorter, and in addition, we were beginning our last deviation before the straight course from New Orleans to the Atlantic coast and home.

"I'm glad we have only a half-hour hop tomorrow," "Doc" Maidment declared that night after the banquet at Fort Worth. "For once we can sleep all morning."

Lindbergh shook his head.

"That's too short a flight," he said. "It isn't worth taking off for such a little hop. I've already told two mayors we'd fly over their cities before going to Dallas. But it'll be only about two hours."

He went on unconcernedly working on his log books as "Doc" and I groaned simultaneously.

This is one thing which Lindbergh never neglects—keeping up his log books. With him this is almost a ritual, and it is something that he never delegates to anyone else. Every night, no matter how late it was or how tired he may

have been, he carefully entered the day's flight in the same log books which carry the record of his famous flight to Paris.

Reading these logs in itself would be fascinating to anyone. Lindbergh has a complete history of his aviation career, and many parts of it he knows by memory. Recently it has become almost a diary, since he has used a plane for every journey since stepping ashore from the *Memphis.* He has refused to ride in a train, and he uses an automobile only when his destination does not provide a landing field.

Lindbergh increases his flying at a remarkable rate, so that he is already well on the way toward the three-thousand hour mark. He has never mentioned any particular intention, but he could hardly fly more steadily if he were striving to attain the world's flying time record.

On the morning of our departure from Fort Worth I suddenly thought of an incident which had occurred in 1926, when the "Josephine Ford" North Pole Plane had visited the city.

"Slim, you'd better search your ship," I told Lindbergh on the way to the airport. "Last

year we found a girl hidden in the cabin just after we took off."

Lindbergh looked at me quizzically and then grinned.

"Oh, she was a real stowaway," I hastened to explain. "At least, Bennett and I knew nothing about it. I suspected McPhail, one of our crew, but he always denied helping her to hide."

"What did she want?" he inquired.

"She was a reporter after a 'scoop'," I told him. "And she certainly got one that morning. I was flying the ship part of the way to Dallas and I kicked it around a little bit to give her a thrill. The rest of the outfit swore it was my rotten piloting, but anyway it was a rough day for stowaways."

"That's a nice way to treat a passenger," he said severely. "She probably went out and wrote up a story saying it was terrible to ride in an airplane."

"No, she wrote up a good piece in spite of it," I answered. "She turned out to be a pretty good scout."

"Well, it all sounds queer to me," remarked

Phil. "I don't see how she could get into the cabin without your knowing it."

Lindbergh agreed emphatically, but I noticed that both he and Phil looked over the ships more carefully than usual that morning. However, it would have been almost impossible for anyone to hide in the Spirit of St. Louis, for the only available space was behind the colonel's chair, and this was usually barred by a special container for his handbag.

At every city where we stopped there was always a demand for some personal souvenir of Colonel Lindbergh. A pencil he had used, a piece of scrap paper, an envelope from a letter he had received—these were only a few of the constant entreaties.

When we explained that we could not accede to these requests, the more determined ones waited till the waste-baskets were removed from our rooms for cleaning, and searched them in the hope of finding something connected with Lindbergh. But the colonel put a stop to this after finding that at one city someone had sold

discarded objects. Nothing was thrown away after that without definite assurance that it would be destroyed.

But the matter did not stop there. Flying jackets, helmets, and even wearing apparel and laundry disappeared mysteriously and regularly. It made no difference to whom these belonged, the assumption apparently being that a certain percentage of the objects taken would include something that belonged to the colonel.

This disappearance of laundry worked a particular hardship on all of us and there was always an argument over what was left us. Whoever was absent when the laundry was delivered was certain to find later that he had been a strangely heavy loser.

We all used the same laundry mark, and the rule of "first come, first served" applied to everyone but Lindbergh. This exception was not so much on account of his position but because of his size. Love, Maidment and I could claim possession of shirts, socks and other articles without much chance of being found wrong, but

we would have had difficulty in persuading Lindbergh that any of his clothing belonged to us even if we had been able to use it.

But in spite of continued entreaties and warnings to laundries, we seldom got back all the supply that was sent out. It became a frequent duty for Love, Maidment or me to replace clothing so that we could go on with the tour.

One evening as a pair of new shoes was delivered, Lindbergh wrapped up an old pair in a newspaper.

"If you leave those things here," said Maidment, "somebody will have them on display inside of two hours after we leave."

"Sure," agreed Love. "They'll have a sign on them 'Lindbergh wore these shoes all over the United States.' They might even put them in a museum."

Lindbergh looked at the two of them out of the corner of his eye but otherwise ignored these sallies.

"How about dropping these out of your ship tomorrow?" he asked me.

I agreed, but after a second Phil shook his head.

"As an aeronautical inspector of the Department of Commerce I can't permit you to break the regulations," he said solemnly. He reached into his brief case and drew out a booklet. " 'The pilot shall not drop or release—or permit any person to drop or release any object or thing which may endanger life or injure property—' "

He paused, and looked at the package Lindbergh still held.

"And if those things wouldn't be a menace to life and property anywhere underneath them I'll—"

That was as far as he went. The argument was rather brief, and on the following day the shoes in question were dropped in an isolated part of the Great American Desert.

But all of the trouble about clothes did not come from outside sources. Lindbergh had never possessed a hat on the tour, and Love and Maidment had lost theirs, so they determined that mine would be of small comfort to me—certainly not an adornment.

Whenever the hat was found upon a convenient chair or divan, which happened with strange frequency, one of the party would stand in front of it while another obligingly pushed him off his balance.

This occurred so often that I finally decided I would buy a new hat, and conceal it, letting this performance continue with the old one. But the news leaked out and the three were prepared to take advantage of the first opportunity to "initiate" the new headgear.

I had hardly returned from the haberdashery and secreted the hat in a closet when a committeeman told me that someone wished to see the colonel. I went out to interview the visitor, who was seated in an alcove adjourning the reception room.

While I was reading his note of introduction Lindbergh and Love came into the reception room, ignorant of the visitor's presence. The first intimation I had of their purpose was a remark Love made.

"Slim, who do you suppose this fine looking hat belongs to?"

The visitor glanced up, surprised, and looked inquiringly at me. I hastily stood up and attempted to signal Love, or the colonel, who had taken a significant position in front of the divan, but I was too late. The visitor joined me just in time to see Lindbergh seated comfortably upon his hat. If he was startled, he heroically concealed his emotion, though he must have wondered at this odd way of greeting a newcomer, particularly a total stranger. Lindbergh, still believing the hat to be mine, was only disturbed at his unintentional lack of dignity on meeting a guest. Not until the colonel left the room with Love did I venture an explanation, and offer to replace the now rather dilapidated hat. But the owner laughingly refused.

"No—I would rather keep this," he said with a twinkle in his eyes. "I dare say no one else can display a hat on which Colonel Lindbergh has sat."

When I told Lindbergh and Love about this, they refused to believe my story, though they were somewhat mystified when I appeared with the new and uncrushed hat I had hidden.

Frequently, the desire for Colonel Lindbergh's signature extended further than autographs, for there was naturally an incessant stream of requests for him to approve all kinds of projects. Hotels fought for the privilege of entertaining him as a guest, knowing this would greatly increase their prestige. This caused at least one amusing incident. We had just entered our suite at one hotel, and were still standing in the reception room when a loud hammering sounded on the door.

"They must be afraid we'll escape," commented Lindbergh. "That sounds as though they were nailing us in."

I opened the door and dodged just in time to avoid a heavy brass plate which fell to the floor at my feet. The inscription on the plate announced that Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh had occupied this suite on————————, 1927.

"Well, they don't believe in wasting any time," Lindbergh observed dryly, as I closed the door.

There was never lack of evidence of the power of Lindbergh's name. Love, Maidment,

and I came to call it the "magic word." Whenever we had any trouble in getting some difficult task accomplished, we had only to whisper: "For Colonel Lindbergh"—and it was as good as finished.

We collected several police cards, special detective badges, and the like during part of the tour, especially in regions near our home cities. Lindbergh, who naturally needed nothing like this, viewed these proceedings with great amusement, but one evening our foresight proved helpful.

With some of the party, he had slipped out of the hotel and was walking along the edge of a beach in the cool night air when it was noticed that several youngsters were following. As there was a large crowd on the boardwalk nearby, it would not have taken much to have started the usual rush in Lindbergh's direction.

"I'll take care of them," said Phil Love confidently and faced about. Walking up to the group, he turned back the lapel of his coat with an air that would have done credit to a professional sleuth of years' experience and displayed

the shining detective badge he had acquired only that morning.

"What are you doing down here?" he demanded gruffly. Then, without waiting for an answer, "Get on out of here—before I run you in."

The youngsters left precipitously, and the party finished the walk in peace.

Without this helpful influence of Lindbergh's name we should certainly have met embarrassment in the matter of maintaining our wardrobes, and once we would not even have been able to leave the city. On this latter occasion we were making a two-day stop, and on the evening of the second day we had sent all but our dinner clothes to be cleaned and pressed. We gave this no more thought until we turned out at 3 o'clock in the morning and started to dress.

To our dismay we found that there were no business suits in our closets. Hastily, we called the night manager who sent a rush order to the hotel valet shop.

Breakfast arrived, and we ate in rather unconventional attire, while the anxious manager as-

sured us that we would have something to wear if we had to go down and try on every suit in the shop.

At last the missing clothes appeared, after taxicabs had been rushed to the day valets' homes with orders for them to come down and find the much-needed garments.

The committee at the next stop never knew how close we came to stepping out of our planes with dinner coats for flying clothes. And the newspapers missed a real story.

CHAPTER XIII

THE MASTER PILOT

LINDBERGH'S instinctive sense of the correct way to handle extraordinary situations was evident on the occasion of the death of the Governor of Tennessee at Nashville. This knowledge was imparted to us late at night at Little Rock. We were to have been at Nashville on the second day following.

"Of course we can't go there for any kind of tour ceremony," said the colonel immediately. "We can either eliminate that stop entirely, or fly over and drop flowers, if they wish."

"Shall I send a wire to that effect?" I asked him.

He shook his head thoughtfully.

"No," he replied. "We'd better wait till we hear from the committee. I think the best thing

would be to spend an extra day at Memphis. Even flying over to drop flowers might be considered improper."

His opinion proved to be that of the committee at Nashville and the visit was cancelled.

On the way from Little Rock to Memphis we flew part way down the Mississippi basin and then cruised leisurely upstream at an altitude low enough to observe some of the sections where the river had overflown. While we were still some distance from the city we saw a stern-wheeler and flew down to circle it. As we left to hurry on to Memphis, I thought of the striking contrast between these two methods of transportation. I learned later that the steamer took 4 hours to cover the distance to Memphis, which we flew in 20 minutes.

Our extra day afforded an opportunity for Maidment and the airport mechanics to check over the two ships, which were found to be in excellent condition. Lindbergh and Love never failed to inspect their respective planes each morning, but this necessarily had to be brief.

Lindbergh's barnstorming has left him with a

great deal of valuable practical knowledge and ability. It would be difficult to hide a faulty condition from him. But his experience covers more than actual flying knowledge. He is uncommonly strong. He can easily swing the propeller of a stubborn engine when others have difficulty in even pulling it over. At one time on the tour a mechanic was apparently afraid to pull the propeller vigorously and the engine of the Spirit of St. Louis refused to start. Lindbergh quickly beckoned me to the side of the ship.

"Take the switch," he directed quietly. "I'll turn it over." Cameramen hurriedly sought positions to obtain good "shots" of this unusual action picture but the colonel had no time to pose.

"All clear—contact on three," he called crisply.

Under his strong hands and the quick throw of his long arms, the propeller suddenly whirled as if by magic. The engine caught on the first touch of the booster magneto and roared into life.

Lindbergh's unusual strength was frequently a source of surprise.

A rather amusing example of this occurred at Memphis on the morning of our departure for Birmingham. When we reached the airport we found several local planes between the Spirit of St. Louis and the door of the hangar. One was a two-seater biplane of war training-day type.

"Just a minute, Colonel," said one of the guards as Lindbergh sized up the situation with a glance. "I'll go get some of the boys and we'll move these ships out."

He started to go and then stopped, gaping. Lindbergh had stooped, picked up the tail of the two-seater, put it on his shoulder, and was calmly walking out of the hangar, trailing the plane after him.

It was during this stage of the tour when I was given my long-coveted hop in the Spirit of St. Louis with Lindbergh.

In spite of a keen satisfaction and a definite thrill at being privileged to fly in the trans-atlantic plane with the man who had piloted it

across the sea, I did not neglect to watch his handling of his plane.

I had had experience as a pilot, and had covered many thousands of miles with capable flyers but that flight with Lindbergh was a lesson in complete mastery and understanding of an airplane.

From the second of taking off he was utterly at ease, although, to me, that blank wall of instrument board in front of us was at once disturbing. Yet it did not bother Lindbergh, in spite of the added handicap caused by my being seated on the right arm of his chair, so that one of his two small windows was half-way hidden.

He climbed quickly up to an altitude of 2,000 feet and then throttled the engine so that I could hear him speak.

"Watch the action on this stall," he said, somewhat as an experienced automobile salesman might have called attention to a good point in his car.

He pushed the throttle ahead once more and waited until the Spirit of St. Louis had picked

up a speed of about ninety miles per hour. Then he pulled back evenly and deliberately on the control stick, until the nose of the plane had risen at a steep angle, and I could see a wide margin of sky under the wing. The plane slowed to a stalling speed.

"Notice that it doesn't fall off on either side," commented the colonel, nodding toward the wing tip, which hung parallel with the horizon even as the nose began to drop earthward.

The Spirit of St. Louis pointed itself downward without jerking, picked up speed and went ahead into straight flight as he pushed the stick to its normal position. After a moment he throttled the engine again and pointed to the altimeter.

"We lost less than 200 feet on that stall," he observed. "That's why I'm safe in bringing the plane in so slowly in small fields. It won't fall off on one side unexpectedly."

A second later he was banking into a vertical turn, with the wings pointing straight at the unhabited stretch below. Smoothly, we pivoted

for a complete turn, Lindbergh effortlessly keeping the tell-tale "bubble" in the position of a perfect bank, his eyes on the ground beneath.

As he leveled off for a gentle landing a few minutes later, the hundreds of people along the side of the airport began to push forward. Then, for the first time during the flight, I saw a faint sign of uneasiness in Lindbergh's manner —a tension that had nothing to do with the actual flying. For in that brief trip he had shown that he is without nerves when in the air.

Even in a desperate predicament—running out of gas, his location unknown, the ground hidden by fog, so that he could not know where to seek a landing—he would still be calm, thinking out the best way to land, and losing none of his energy in useless panic.

I learned one other thing from the flight. Lindbergh knows the Spirit of St. Louis as probably no other man has known any other plane. This is not unusual, however, for he would know any plane he flew, and that within a short time. He is always trying out new types. At several stops on the tour he rose early in

order to fly some new plane before beginning the day's work of flying.

Nor are these merely "joy-hops." He tests each one thoroughly, scientifically. I happened to be in the advance plane when he first flew it. Within five minutes I had seen a complete try-out of maximum climbs, steep turns, stalling point, performance when stalled, handling with idling engine, gliding and finally flying with hands off the controls. As he ended this brief but complete test, he nodded to himself and turned around.

"Handles all right, considering all that baggage in the rear," he commented.

And with that he closed the throttle, and went down for a landing as smooth as though he had flown this particular plane for years.

Throughout the tour Lindbergh put his personal comfort last. Once this took the form of sitting atop an open car during a long parade in a cold driving rain. This happened at New Orleans. As we left the ferry boat after crossing the Mississippi from the airport, someone began to put up the top of the car. Several in

the crowd at the pier voiced objections to this, as they could not see the colonel.

"Leave it down," said Lindbergh. "If people can stand out there in the rain I can sit up here a couple of hours."

The car went on, while one or two officials looked at each other and shivered in the downpour. In a little while I noticed that we were traversing a street deserted except for a few scattered onlookers.

"I guess the rain was too much for the people along here," I said to the committeeman beside me.

"No," he answered, pouring the water off the brim of his dripping hat. "It isn't that. The parade doesn't really begin for a couple of miles yet. We're using this for a short-cut."

Hearing this, Lindbergh was suddenly embarrassed.

"Why didn't you tell me that?" he inquired. "I thought that this was the parade."

The top of the car was put up temporarily and we drove on more rapidly.

"I was wondering what his idea was," the

committeeman remarked later on. "But, of course, I didn't think I'd better say anything."

This awe of the colonel was frequently noticeable, even among chief committeemen who had the best chance to see him as a normal, extremely human, and likeable young man.

Genuine thoughtfulness and generosity are qualities which their possessors seldom care to display openly. Lindbergh many times showed he was no exception to this. During our stay at New Orleans he flew to Pensacola in a Navy plane which had been sent from the latter city. As the plane was a single-seater, he was forced to leave behind him the Marine officer who had flown the ship to New Orleans. Just before starting for the airport he drew me to one side.

"I won't have much time at the field, so I wish you'd arrange to entertain this pilot whose ship I am taking. He'll be here all day Sunday. Probably this has broken in on his plans. Make him feel at home as much as you can."

When he learned that Art Goebel, winner of the transpacific flight to Honolulu, was to be at Tulsa on the same day when he was scheduled,

he immediately asked to have Goebel included in all the ceremonies. The same procedure occurred when our path crossed that of Martin Jensen, who was second in the transpacific flight.

Lindbergh's care for others was exemplified in a different way, during our week-end at New Orleans. On returning Monday morning from Pensacola, he was accompanied by a Navy pilot in a second plane. After he had landed it was noticed that the other ship had disappeared. Someone vouchsafed the information that it had fallen into the thick growth of trees surrounding the airport.

Lindbergh immediately turned to Phil.

"We'll have to find the ship and let the airport men know how to reach the pilot," he said quickly. "You fly the northern half of that stretch. I'll take the other."

He jumped into the Spirit of St. Louis, which was waiting to take him on the scheduled hop to Jacksonville. We followed closely and for half an hour weaved back and forth, searching the thick woods for some sign of wreckage. Lindbergh landed at the end of that time and we

followed suit. I supposed he had decided that we must go on to Jacksonville, but I was wrong.

"Exactly where was that plane when you last saw it?" he was asking the man who had seen it disappear. "In what direction and about how high."

After getting a vague answer, he was turning away when I ran to the side of the plane.

"Shall I send Jacksonville a message?" I asked him. "They'll understand then, if you're late."

He shot a glance at his clock.

"No—we can hunt for half an hour more and still get there, running nearly wide open. We'll go that long and then see what happens."

Just before the half hour was up, we were signaled to land at the field. We learned that the Navy pilot had managed to glide across the Mississippi River and make a forced landing at the edge. He was unhurt.

"That's fine," said Lindbergh, his grave expression vanishing at this good news. "Tell him I'm sorry he had any trouble. And now we'll have to move."

So we said farewell to the Mississippi, which we had crossed and recrossed six times, from the headwaters almost to the delta. In a few minutes we were racing along parallel to the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, which shimmered blue-green under the early morning sun. Even then, with every second precious, Lindbergh was careful to alter his course to include a swift circling visit over a city which had been promised one of the prized aerial messages from the colonel.

The value of these non-stop visits was surprising. Crowds gathered from miles around, just to catch a brief glimpse of the transatlantic plane, and often the interest thus stirred up was enough to initiate construction of airports at nearby towns, as well as at the city flown over, if it did not possess one.

Lindbergh always showed that he appreciated the interest of the crowds assembled below him. Before dropping the message, if he had time he would fly as low as safety permitted and then zoom at an angle that gave everyone a superb picture of the Spirit of St. Louis.

Hanging at the top of the climb for a second,

he would make a slow 180-degree turn and drop down again, perhaps repeating this two or three times. At last, drawing out the canvas message bag with its orange streamer wound tightly about it, he would throttle his engine, kick the rudder to skid the tail away from the unfolding streamer, and drop the bag.

In spite of the guards and officials usually waiting beneath there was almost always a mad rush for the descending message. More than once we saw scores of people pounce upon the bags and fight for their possession.

The messages in the bags were always signed by the colonel and read as follows:

> Aboard "Spirit of St. Louis" on Tour
> Greetings:
>
> Because of the limited time and the extensive itinerary of the tour of the United States now in progress to encourage popular interest in æronautics, it is impossible for the Spirit of St. Louis to land in your city.
>
> This message from the air, however, is sent you to express our sincere appreciation

of your interest in the tour and in the promotion and extension of commercial æronautics in the United States.

We feel that we will be amply repaid for all our efforts if each and every citizen in the United States cherishes an interest in flying and gives his earnest support to the air mail service and the establishment of airports and similar facilities. The concerted efforts of the citizens of the United States in this direction will result in America taking its rightful place, within a very short time, as the world leader in commercial flying.

(Signed) Charles A. Lindbergh.
Harry F. Guggenheim, President,
Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the
Promotion of Aeronautics.
William P. MacCracken, Jr.
Assistant Secretary for Aeronautics,
Department of Commerce.

With the knowledge that Lindbergh's autograph was sailing down through the air toward them, it was not surprising that people often tried to secure these messages and keep them,

although they were marked "For the City of ———" in each instance.

Several times when there was no airport, or where the crowd was gathered in the center of the city, Lindbergh dropped the message in one of the main streets. After one of these occassions we received a frantic telegram from the civic authorities, begging us to send a protest to a certain citizen who had seized both message and bag and would not surrender them.

But Lindbergh refused to be drawn into the altercation personally, though he did not object to my replying that the message had been meant for the city and not for an individual. We heard later that even threats of arrest had failed to move the determined possessor of the message, and that the authorities had given up in despair.

Soon after the first of the tour Lindbergh had found that he could not begin to fly over the large number of cities which asked him to do this. It finally became necessary to start a file of requests, so far in advance did the cities telegraph us.

"I just thought of a way to help aviation by

the circling visits," Lindbergh announced one night. "We'll ask each city to agree to mark the roof of some prominent building with its name, so that it will be a permanent guide for strange pilots passing through."

This was accordingly made a provision in case of such requests, but it did not lessen the demands. One mayor on being told of this provision fifty minutes before we were due to fly to his city, assented instantly.

"I'll have that sign finished in half an hour," he declared over long distance telephone. "So come right ahead."

When we reached the city not one, but three buildings had huge signs on their roofs, and a fourth was being painted.

Lindbergh gave an extra exhibition with the Spirit of St. Louis to show his appreciation for the way in which the mayor had kept his word.

CHAPTER XIV

A POLITICIAN IS SURPRISED

A VERY natural trait, and one which might well be expected in a man of Lindbergh's character, is his hearty dislike for a lie and his scorn for evasion and subterfuge. This was exemplified at one city during the period following the parade, which was always held open at request of the local press for short interviews.

Lindbergh had been notified by a committeeman that the city reporters were waiting and he had gone into the reception room to meet them. After a few minutes "Doc" Maidment came to see me.

"There's a mix-up of some kind," he declared. "Half a dozen fellows outside say they are reporters but the police won't let them in. I know one of them really is on a paper here."

I went out into the corridor and found the situation as he had described it. I admitted the press representatives to another room and went in search of the committeeman. Before I could find him Lindbergh appeared.

"Something is wrong," he said. "Only one or two of the people in there are reporters."

At this moment the committeeman joined us. It quickly developed that the "reporters" were, with two exceptions, friends whom this official had selected to meet the colonel. The regular press representatives had been kept from the interview especially planned for them.

For once Lindbergh's eyes seemed to bore through the man he was addressing.

"No one had the right to exclude the press from an interview that was promised them," he said crisply. "I am sorry that this had to happen."

A few seconds later he was apologizing to the reporters for the way in which they had been treated. But even then he did not hint at the real cause, stating simply that there had been a mistake.

Ordinarily the awe with which even leading officials regarded Colonel Lindbergh would have made such an attempt to deceive him impossible.

Sometime, but not often, this awe was lacking. The most outstanding examples were in letters he received, but even these instances were not many. One occurred at a city where the police caught several pickpockets operating in the parade crowd. The following morning Lindbergh received this letter:

COLONEL CHARLES A. LINDBERGH,

Dear Sir:

Well, I went down to the parade yesterday to look at you like one monkey will at another and while I was staring at you somebody stole my purse. I'm just a poor shopgirl, so now I've got to go hungry, with only a couple of dollars between me and payday, while you dine in luxury, with nothing to worry about. I hope you're satisfied.

This remarkable letter was unsigned. I showed it to Lindbergh.

"She must think we have an arrangement with the pickpockets," he observed, humorously. "But she didn't sign her name, so we can't refund her money."

Another letter, of a different type, was from an apparently close student of the English language:

DEAR COL. LINDBERGH:

I hope you will not think me impertinent, and that you will not take this note in any way but as a well-meant suggestion.

Yesterday, in your speech, you used the word "aviation" several times. I observed that you pronounced it "a-vi-a-tion" with the "a" as in "hat," whereas the correct form is "a-vi-a-tion" with the "a" as in "late." The same is true of "aviator."

I know that you will be glad to learn about these little errors in your speech.

(Signed)

For once Lindbergh seemed rather disgruntled.

"That's about the fiftieth time someone has

told me that," he said. "But when I started flying every pilot I knew said that word the way I say it now. And most of them still do. It's mostly the people outside of the flying game that use it correctly. So I'm still going to say it that way."

And he did, in spite of at least one more politely worded reproof for his laxity.

There were hardly any crank letters received during the entire tour. Lindbergh's popularity, his carefulness in carrying out programs, and his consideration for both sides of each question at issue, were mainly responsible for this lack of criticism.

In a few cases, of course, his motives were not fully understood and there was some criticism of his quiet but firm refusal to follow out certain details of programs. One of these took place at an airport where he had landed after a long flight.

For several minutes after the greeting by the reception committee, he stood patiently before the clamoring photographers. At last, with a gesture of polite finality, he turned away from

the clicking cameras, and fell into step with the chairman of the committee.

"We thought you'd like to rest a few minutes, Colonel," the chairman remarked as he led the way toward the airport office. "And perhaps a drink of cold water will be acceptable after your long flight today. Our people won't mind waiting a little while for you."

Lindbergh smiled but quickly shook his head. "Thank you very much but I am ready to go on," he replied. "I am not at all tired and I would rather keep to your schedule."

But as our party neared the line of parade cars his easy smile was suddenly replaced by a dubious look. I followed his glance and saw that the automobile in which he was to ride had been decorated with banks of flowers. The car presented a very beautiful appearance but it brought to mind a float prepared for a beauty queen, rather than a conveyance for a tousled-haired flyer in a worn leather coat.

Lindbergh hesitated, but apparently realizing the hours of patient work which had been spent

in these preparations, he started to enter the car. Just then his eyes rested on a special seat which had been placed in an elevated position on the back. He stopped and turned to the chairman.

"I am sorry to cause any trouble," he said quietly, "but I'd rather not sit up there."

The chairman stared at him uncomprehendingly for a second. "It is perfectly safe, Colonel," he declared earnestly. "We had it tested this morning and I'm sure that it won't fall off."

"I'm not afraid of that," Lindbergh explained rather hastily. "But the back of the car will be comfortable enough if that's where you want me."

The elevated seat and the flowers around it were quickly removed.

"I knew Slim wouldn't ride on that," Phil Love whispered to me, as we waited for the procession to start. "It looked too much like a throne. It will be a long time before anybody will get Slim onto a throne of any kind."

As the parade went on, with the colonel sitting calmly on the unadorned back seat, it came to me that the most advertised young man in the world was perhaps the least understood of all public figures.

This incident, which was not the first nor the last of its kind, proved that not even his often-described modesty was fully understood. Much of this was due to his refusal to comment on personal questions and to the natural public desire for intimate details in regard to those very characteristics. The press, eager to supply that desire, interpreted as best it could all that was even remotely connected with him. Naturally, these interpretations were extremely varied. The result was that an increasingly curious world wondered at the many unusual and sometimes even contradictory traits possessed by this one remarkable person.

Even those who wrote of him at length sometimes frankly confessed to having only a vague conception of the real man.

"I've met Lindbergh and talked with him at three different interviews," one feature writer

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told me during the tour. "I've written several thousand words about him, but I still have an uneasy feeling that I don't know what I am talking about."

Lindbergh is truly modest, but his common-sense relieves this from becoming the painful modesty which is sometimes caused by a secret pride. When he first returned to the United States he was undoubtedly overwhelmed at the ardor and great enthusiasm of his countrymen. More than once he was visibly embarrassed while some tribute was being paid to him.

To have undergone this very real embarrassment at each ceremony during the months of acclaim would have been agony to a man with such a genuine sense of modesty. Evidently realizing this, he began to accept these repeated laudations quietly and without any indication of uneasiness, yet with a manner of apprecation that was in itself a masterpiece. It was plain that he knew this to be more than the temporary enthusiasm of a crowd, and that this universal applause came from some deeper and more permanent source. Had he considered these trib-

utes as mere flattery, he would have ceased to listen, for no one could be less affected by false praises.

False modesty would have been offensive, even intolerable in the man with whom we lived on that long tour. But Lindbergh's modesty was so natural that we entirely forgot its existence. A quiet display of this rare quality occurred at one city where a local speaker quoted from an address with which President Coolidge welcomed Colonel Lindbergh back to the United States. In one part of that address the President selected several phrases from military reports in which Army officers had analyzed Lindbergh's character.

The local speaker repeated these descriptive terms slowly and with some hesitation between each word, so that the full benefit would be gained:

" 'Intelligent,' 'industrious,' 'energetic,' 'dependable,' 'purposeful,' 'alert,' 'quick,' 'quick of reaction,' 'serious,' 'deliberate,' 'stable,' 'efficient,' 'frank,' 'modest,' 'congenial,' 'a man of good

moral habits and regular in all his business transactions.' "

Thousands of eyes were fixed on Lindbergh during this recital of his virtues, as each spectator waited to see how he would react to such praise. The first time this quotation was made, and it occurred several times during the tour, the colonel had blushed slightly. Now he made no sign but kept on looking at the corner of the platform. No one would have said that he showed indifference, for his manner was one of quiet attention, nor would anyone have said that he exhibited a trace of conceit. When he himself rose to speak, a minute later, he commenced as though there had been no reference to him in the words that had gone before.

"Air commerce in this country is progressing rapidly," he began in a cool, direct voice, and then continued with a serious discussion of his favorite subject—flying.

Later, when our party was alone at the hotel, he mentioned the incident, going straight to the point as he always did.

"People are forgetting that this is not a personal tour," he said. "I wish they'd talk more about aviation instead of about me. We're making the trip to get people more interested in the air mail and the transport routes and local flying. I think it would be a good idea to have Kusterer emphasize this when he makes the arrangements with the committees. They don't seem to understand that this is a business tour."

Lindbergh's continued modesty, though admirable under such constant and tremendous acclaim, is not his most interesting trait. There are several other qualities which have attracted less attention but which are quite important keynotes to his character.

One of these is his fearlessness of public opinion, once he has decided that he is following the right course. This was demonstrated at a stop where he had promised to visit two neighboring cities on the same afternoon. He was to land at the airport of one city at two o'clock. A parade through this community was to begin immediately, at the end of which the second city was to receive the colonel and to continue the parade.

This was to be followed by ground ceremonies at the airport of the second city.

An agreement between the two municipalities had been reached, whereby each step had been carefully planned and every available minute taken.

Lindbergh arrived exactly on time, but an unfortunate confusion arose which caused difficulty in handling the huge crowd present. He had already landed when several thousand people dashed through the police lines. Swerving the Spirit of St. Louis around almost at a right angle, he swiftly taxied it ahead of the hysterical crowd to a spot where he just had time to shut off the engine before the human storm broke. More than half an hour was lost before the transatlantic plane could be placed in a hangar, and he could be brought through the crowd. The parade through the first city was quite naturally delayed for this reason.

As the cars were being arranged for the procession, a representative of the second city approached me. He had a rather worried look.

"I suppose this will cut our program just

about in half," he remarked with a very evident disappointment. "We had everything planned exactly as your advance man asked. Now it looks as though we shall have to leave out part of it."

The question was a difficult one to answer. It was apparent that the afternoon ceremonies would have to be curtailed in some way, on account of the reduced time. But which part to alter was not so obvious. I turned to Lindbergh and explained the situation. He did not take long to arrive at a decision.

"We'll have to keep our word, of course," he said gravely. "We must be at the second city when we promised to be there."

The officials of the first reception committee looked startled.

"Colonel, that means we'll have to speed up our parade a lot," the chairman objected. "People won't understand. They've been waiting to see you."

"I realize that and I am very sorry," Lindbergh told him regretfully. "I wish there were some way to avoid it. It is too bad that we could

not have gone ahead on time. But since the delay happened here, it doesn't seem fair to ask the other city to speed up its parade, or cut its program."

There was no logical contraction of this clear summary of the situation. Accordingly, the speed of the procession was increased. We passed through the outlying sections of the first city at a pace which we all regretted, though we slowed as much as possible when we neared the more densely packed streets.

But by night a storm of criticism had begun to break in the first city, where many people did not know the cause of the fast parade. Some of this feeling even extended to the second community, for few knew of the colonel's action in keeping his promise.

"I was afraid this would happen," Lindbergh remarked when I told him the reports I had heard. "But I couldn't see that there was anything else to do."

In spite of the fact that he did not feel he was at fault, he carefully refrained from mak-

ing a statement which might cause it to appear that he was endeavoring to place the blame upon some one else.

Whenever the necessity for such decisions arose or when he had to refuse the many personal requests that would have interfered with the tour he always tried to lessen the effect to such refusals by his ready courtesy. This seemed almost inexhaustible, even in trying situations. Only the most persistent and extremely unreasonable requests brought his firmness and determination to the surface, and showed that his obliging good nature did not extend to the point of permitting him to be forced into acquiescence with a project he did not favor.

On one of these occasions he had already assented to a number of unusual demands by a local politician who seemed to dominate the committee.

"Well, that's all now, Colonel," observed the politician, who had remained in our dining room while we finished our belated lunch. "I've got one thing fixed up for tomorrow morning, but I'll tell you more about that later."

Lindbergh glanced at him with some surprise.

"I'm afraid I shall not be able to plan anything for tomorrow," he said politely. "We have only one extra day a week and we have to use it for catching up on plans and tour business. I thought that Mr. Kusterer had explained that our second day would be unofficial."

The politician smiled confidently.

"Yes, he did," he replied, "but then this is only a little matter. It won't take much time. You don't have to worry about anything."

He went on rather complacently with his description of a quite personal affair in which Lindbergh and he were to play prominent parts. The colonel waited until he had concluded.

"I'm afraid I shall not be able to plan anything for tomorrow," he repeated quietly. "We have several aviation matters to decide and some correspondence which needs attention."

He was still smiling, though now there seemed to be a vague tenseness in the air.

The other man still failed, perhaps deliberately, to understand. It was plain that he had not the slightest knowledge of the man whom he was addressing.

"But I have arranged everything," he insisted. "It will be hard to change things now."

He was about to continue with his argument when his glance met that of Lindbergh. There was no trace of anger on the colonel's face, but the other man stopped abruptly.

"I am very sorry," said Lindbergh, without raising his voice, but speaking just a little slower than before. "I shall not be able to plan anything for tomorrow."

If there was an emphasis on the "not" it was barely perceptible. The politician swallowed once or twice.

"Well if you can't, you can't," he agreed lamely and soon withdrew.

Lindbergh went on calmly with his luncheon. He did not make any further reference to this incident.

There were a few other instances of this kind, when after repeated attempts to explain his

courteous refusal, Lindbergh found it necessary to show that he still possessed determination and independence. But almost always he was able to temper these negative answers with such kindliness that there never was any suggestion of offense.

CHAPTER XV

PHIL BREAKS INTO PRINT

FOR many days before we reached Jacksonville Phil Love had been entertaining us with his plans for our flight to Atlanta. In 1925 he had been engaged in cotton dusting by airplane and had had an accident in southern Georgia.

This dusting consisted in flying over cotton fields and dropping from a hopper an arsenic dust preparation to kill the boll weevil.

While he was working in this way he had unknowingly contracted a case of slow arsenic poisoning. One day while flying at the low altitude which these operations required he had become unconscious. The plane, without a hand on the stick, had nosed down and crashed into the ground. Phil's jaw had connected with

the oil line, with serious damage to both, as he proved by showing us a section of pipe in which were deeply indented the marks of his teeth.

With a vivid memory of this and weeks spent in a hospital under the solicitous care of a Georgia nurse, Phil's enthusiasm for this particular flight was quite apparent.

"I want to see that place where I hit," he told me, as we were preparing to take off from the Jacksonville airport. "Don, be sure to have your camera ready and get a picture of it."

"He acts like a murderer going back to the scene of his crime," commented Lindbergh in a loud voice aside to Maidment and me. "Better watch him when you get there—he's liable to crash all over again."

"Then we'll have to call in that same nurse," replied "Doc." "By the way, Phil didn't you tell me we were going to see her somewhere this morning?"

Phil gave him a hasty, warning glance but he was too late.

"What's this?" demanded Lindbergh. "Phil, are you trying to slip something over on me?"

Phil's naturally ruddy face reddened still further.

"I'm just going to circle the town on the way to Atlanta," he growled. "What difference does it make?"

"None at all," answered Lindbergh, "except that I'm going with you. Where is she going to be and how are you going to know her?"

Phil was silent under Lindbergh's amused persecution, but "Doc" readily supplied the information.

"He told me he wrote her to be on top of a certain building and to wave an American flag."

"Good," exclaimed the colonel as Phil wrathfully turned on "Doc," "I'll see you later."

He was still grinning as he opened the throttle of the Spirit of St. Louis and took off.

We had a rough hour or two in the escort plane, as Phil revenged himself on "Doc" by dropping the ship out from under us. But as he neared the place where he had crashed he forgot everything else.

The spot was easily found, a large barren place at one corner of a small field. We circled

around, lower and lower, until I began to fear that Lindbergh was right. But at last Phil headed toward his second rendezvous, with its more pleasant memories.

We arrived a few minutes before Lindbergh. There was no difficulty in identifying the building, for evidently the news had leaked out. Most of the citizens were massed around this section. There were several people on the flat roof, but, recalling the signal Phil had suggested, we had no trouble in distinguishing the right girl.

In a few minutes the Spirit of St. Louis appeared and Lindbergh dropped down for a special inspection. After an unusually fine demonstration with the transatlantic ship he went on toward Atlanta.

We had supposed this would end the incident, but the next morning's papers changed our opinions.

"LINDBERGH DEVIATES TO SEE SWEETHEART" were the headlines that greeted us as we sat down to breakfast.

Lindbergh looked startled and seized the

paper, but after a few seconds he laughed. "'But not Lindbergh's sweetheart,'" he read aloud, "'No, it was the sweetheart of Lieutenant Phil Love, his buddy. Lieutenant Love was once————.'"

But Phil had snatched the sheet to himself and was staring at it, open mouthed. Then he looked at us disgustedly. "That's the trouble; going around with these world heroes," he complained. "You can't even breathe without having it in the newspapers."

"What's more," he added suddenly, "I wouldn't put it past any of you to have tipped them off about it."

Nor was his irritation lessened when he found that the story had been broadcast by the press services.

"I guess we'll have another hard day at sea," whispered "Doc," as we prepared to take off a little later. "Believe me, I'm going to tie myself in. I believe he's sore enough to skid me out of the window."

His prediction of a rough day was speedily realized, though not in the manner we had ex-

pected. We had decided to fly by Stone Mountain, on the side of which the Confederate Memorial is being carved. As we reached the mountain we flew low over the top, which is fairly smooth. We were surprised to have the uncomfortable sensation of looking over the side of a high building as we reached the edge, from which the cliff dropped away abruptly. None of us had ever before felt this sensation while flying. We decided it was caused by our looking straight down and having the mountain under us at one second and a chasm at the next.

But this was nothing compared to what followed. We had reached Stone Mountain a little ahead of Lindbergh, so we turned and glided down parallel to the side to watch the men at work on the memorial.

Hardly had we dropped below the top than we were struck by the fiercest air currents we had experienced anywhere on the tour.

Inside of five seconds all three of us had been thrown out of our seats, and half of the baggage was in our laps. Phil jammed open his throttle and we forged off to one side away from the

very bumpy air. This seemed to be caused by the wind striking the base of the mountain and being deflected vertically upward to clash with cold currents sweeping over the smooth top, and rolling down the side.

Hardly had we climbed into calmer air when the Spirit of St. Louis approached, flying even lower than we had done. At the same moment we spied a string of power wires almost directly in Lindbergh's path at this low altitude. Phil headed back instantly, hoping to warn Lindbergh of his danger. In a minute we were again in the grip of the bumpy air. Maidment and I leaned out and gestured frantically between pitching of the ship, but Lindbergh only waved back, not realizing the reason for our excitement.

Just then he struck the first of the air currents, and his hand abruptly disappeared. He had been in a slow glide, and the first bump dropped him several feet.

Even caught thus unexpectedly, Lindbergh was instantly in control, as he opened his throttle and began to fight through the region

of turbulent air. We watched anxiously as he neared the wires, but he had already climbed above them and soon was clear.

We breathed a trio of relieved sighs—and just then the Spirit of St. Louis turned back. This time Lindbergh flew down by the side of the memorial exactly as he had said he would. The baffled winds hurled his ship up and down so that I could not even focus my camera on it, though our own plane was by now in fairly quiet air.

His sightseeing trip completed, Lindbergh zoomed up alongside of us and nodded, smiling.

Although the colonel made numerous excursions of this nature and managed to extract enjoyment from almost every flight, he continued to keep the advancement of aviation foremost under all conditions.

Sometimes attempts were made to connect him with enterprises not even remotely concerned with aviation, the idea being one of personal advertising. Local committees tried to prevent this, but usually they were not aware of such plans. Lindbergh remained adamant

to all these requests and never allowed himself to be forced into any action, even in order to avoid embarrassment in public.

An instance illustrating this happened one afternoon at an open air meeting when a beauty prize winner, who had stationed herself on the platform, tried to persuade the colonel to pose with her for her special cameraman. The committee, ready to go on with the program, and somewhat at a loss, waited to see what he would do.

Lindbergh at once stepped out of range of the lens and in a few words courteously explained that the tour was not personal, but that it was being made to promote aviation. The girl paid no attention to this.

"Please, Colonel," she begged prettily, using every artifice she could summon—but she was talking to deaf ears. The picture was not made.

"I wish you'd be more careful how you turn down these good looking girls," complained Phil that night after the banquet. "That girl was supposed to be my dinner partner, and

when you wouldn't pose with her she got sore and went home."

"It's a good thing," retorted Lindbergh, "You're too susceptible, anyway."

Lindbergh was not in the least embarrassed on such occasions as the one described, but was coolly polite, nor did he ever exhibit the almost ridiculous bashfulness which most writers attributed to him in connection with women. There was a time, however, when he did show that he was disturbed, and not without good cause.

In order to accommodate the large number of people who wished to attend the banquet, the committee at Spartanburg secured the dining room of Converse College. The girl students had been glad to offer their dining room for Colonel Lindbergh, even though it meant that they had to content themselves with a "bag supper" in their rooms. The only condition which they made was that on his way to the dining room Lindbergh should walk down a lane formed by all the fair students.

I purposely neglected to explain this proviso to him until he was entering the hall of the

building, and for a moment I thought he was going to make a hasty retreat. However, followed closely by the rest of the party, he hurriedly walked the gauntlet of a thousand admiring feminine eyes.

The numerous stories that were circulated about attempts to kiss Colonel Lindbergh were mainly without foundation, for the few who openly declared such intentions usually lost their courage in the face of his cool self-possession.

The only instance which was worthy of being called an attempt ended rather comically. We were returning from the banquet which had been held in the hotel where we were staying. There seemed to be no one in the corridors on our floor, so the police and officials bade Lindbergh good-night without accompanying him to his suite. But as we turned a corner in the hall we came upon a small group. A young girl stood off to one side, and as the colonel approached she took a quick step forward, with intentions that were quite obvious.

Lindbergh, taller by more than a foot, simply

stopped. The girl, already on her tiptoes, caught her heel in the edge of the rug and plunged almost headfirst into the group that was watching excitedly.

Her friends laughed uproariously, Lindbergh's lips twitched slightly, and we moved on.

The ever-present desire to touch Colonel Lindbergh took a peculiar form at a banquet in one of the smaller cities. The speaker's table was placed close to the edge of the raised platform. A temporary bracing had been misplaced at the bottom of the center section of the table, so that it protruded slightly, pushing the long, overhanging tablecloth out with it.

This was directly in front of Lindbergh, and to the guests it must have looked as though he were stretching his legs straight out in front of him.

A few minutes after the dinner began, one after another of the younger, and even a few of the older guests, found excuses to leave their tables and walk by this spot, each one managing to touch the projecting brace. Some only brushed by it, almost blushing in their self-con-

sciousness, others touched it determinedly and with an air of triumph.

Lindbergh was quite unaware of this, and did not even guess at the true cause for the sudden changes of expression when the tablecloth was later lifted slightly, exposing the accidental deception to those who had made this odd pilgrimage.

It was at a banquet shortly preceding this that another amusing incident occurred.

There was always a greater demand for banquet tickets than could be supplied because of the limited size of the dining rooms, and even auditoriums where one or two of these ceremonies were held. In order to keep a close check on the seats, it was not unusual to issue double tickets, the stubs of which were kept by the guests.

Several times this was done without exception, a ticket being given to everyone including Colonel Lindbergh and the toastmaster. I had been handed the four tickets for our party on one occasion and had mislaid Lindbergh's. He was jokingly accusing me of doing it on pur-

pose to keep him out of the banquet when one of the committeemen overheard. "Do not worry about that for a second, Colonel," he assured Lindbergh with the utmost seriousness. "I'll see that you get in all right."

As we entered the last stage of the tour we all began to admit to each other that we would be glad to have a chance to rest. Our first circuit of the forty-eight States had finally begun to have its effect on the party.

Lindbergh, who had naturally been subjected to the greatest strain, gave very little hint of weariness in his manner. Only when the photographers persisted in their sometimes too exacting demands, did he become restive. After witnessing this procedure day after day I could readily understand his feelings, and I even made no great lament when my own camera disappeared, thinking he or one of the others had hidden it. But after a few days I found it, like dozens of other things, had gone the way of the "souvenir trail."

Not only did Lindbergh show little sign of strain, but he was even more careful to see that

each detail was completed to the satisfaction of the cities visited, and he departed from the standard program many times to avoid chance of offense, though this lengthened his already long hours in public.

"We're nearly at the end," he told us. "Everything seems to have been all right this far and we don't want anything to go wrong on these last days. You can agree to almost anything for me, as long as it is not against the idea of the tour."

But though our standard program was not strictly followed, Colonel Lindbergh did not for an instant relax his precautions in regard to safety, and leaving on time.

"We've made a fairly good record so far," he said. "But we aren't through until our wheels are down on Mitchel Field, and both ships have stopped moving."

His constant care for details was exemplified at Atlantic City, where the landing field was unusually small. Our ship was equipped with brakes, but even then our heavy load had taken us far down the short runway before we

stopped. When Lindbergh approached we watched him anxiously, for his plane had no brakes.

Guards had been stationed at the end of the runway to catch the wing tips of the Spirit of St. Louis if it were still rolling when it neared the dangerously muddy ground.

Lindbergh glided in rapidly and flew low over the runway without attempting to land. As he passed the center section he signaled to the men alongside.

"He wants them back so he won't hit them if he ground loops," said Phil.

The helpers accordingly were ordered farther back. Still Lindbergh did not land, but glided in again and again, each time a little slower. Then at last he climbed up to 500 feet, circled the field and came in on a long, flat glide. There was not a sound from those on the ground, for we all knew this was the real landing.

Engine silent, the propeller seeming barely to turn over, the Spirit of St. Louis came on so slowly that it seemed impossible the ship could hang in the air. Yet there was not a quiver of

the silver wing, the only movement beside smooth descent being that of Lindbergh's head as he looked rapidly from one side to the other.

Then came a second when it seemed that we could have kept pace with the plane as it passed above a bordering fence. We could see the elevators come back evenly, and then the transatlantic plane settled without a jar upon the runway.

The nearest guard stationed to help stop the ship was 300 feet away.

A veteran pilot standing near me broke the almost awed silence.

"I've been flying ten years," he said to the assembled officials in general, "and I never saw anything like that before. That—gentlemen—was a landing!"

CHAPTER XVI

WE BREAK FORMATION

THROUGHOUT the tour, Lindbergh's high standards and clean living were repeatedly emphasized, even at times to the point of picturing him as a model of virtue.

But Lindbergh is not—and never will be—a "plaster saint." He possesses many excellent qualities, but they are in such fine balance that they create a harmonious whole, in which his simplicity and his sense of humor combine to make him very natural. The stronger of these two is his keen humor, which underlies every other trait, often flashing out where least expected.

Phil and I were victims of this sometimes misdirected humor one night at a banquet. We had finished our coffee and had decided to smoke

a few minutes before the speeches. Just then Lindbergh caught my eye, glanced significantly at the cigarettes and shook his head in mock warning. The effect was not what he had expected. Almost at once the few guests who had lighted cigars or cigarettes furtively but quickly extinguished them.

"Everybody's scared to smoke on account of him," exclaimed Phil. "We'll have to show them he's only kidding."

But we had barely started when the toastmaster arose.

"On account of the low ceiling I shall have to ask that there be no smoking," he announced.

As we were the only ones in the room to whom this applied we felt rather conspicuous. A Senator sitting at my left decided to relieve our embarrassment.

"The ceilings are high enough," he said, taking out a huge black cigar. "And I'm not going to let my home town committee keep me from my after dinner smoke."

There had been a slight hush, and his words were clearly audible. Suddenly Lindbergh

grinned whole-heartedly, the tension ceased, and in another minute the toastmaster himself had joined the devotees of nicotine.

One of the most unlooked-for demonstrations of this character came at a city which we visited near the end of the tour. Up to that time I had possessed a somewhat diminutive mustache. I had noticed Lindbergh's glance returning on this dubious adornment more than once, but had thought nothing particular of it.

Not even when Lindbergh and the rest of the party—Love, Maidment and Kusterer—backed me into a corner that night did I guess what was coming, though I began to remember a mysterious warning Mrs. Lindbergh had given me two months before.

Objecting on general principles to this close concentration, I tried to get clear, but in vain. The resulting struggle lasted until I was prone and then with a deft hand Lindbergh applied the razor.

"I've been wanting to cut that off ever since I first saw it," he exclaimed with satisfaction.

Except for realization of his ability to laugh at

his own discomforture and to appreciate turning of the tables on himself, my aggrieved state of mind might have persisted longer than it did. But no one could say of Lindbergh that he was not willing to take the medicine he dealt out to others.

For two or three days I planned some kind of revenge, but I could imagine nothing effective would not have resulted in a noticeable alteration in Lindbergh's appearance.

I had already had a hint of what this would cause. Far back at the first of the tour Phil Love and I had been engaging in a friendly tussle on some difference of opinion, while Lindbergh stood nearby acting as referee. I had picked up Phil's brief case as though to toss it at him.

Unfortunately the straps were not buckled and the contents flew out as I swung it around. A small box sailed through the air and collided with Lindbergh's forehead. A good sized bump was soon visible, which necessitated some quick thinking, as we knew reporters would certainly not miss it. And if the papers were to announce that

a member of the colonel's party had been responsible, there would probably be mob action by his admirers.

"I think I bumped my head getting out of the ship this afternoon," Lindbergh said at last. "How do you think that sounds?"

"Sounds as though you were getting clumsier than ever," said Phil. "But I guess it will get by."

Forunately, no one questioned the Colonel's explanation even though it was rather vague.

But if I was unable to even my score with the colonel, I had the satisfaction of a slight revenge on Phil. So efficient was the policing at many cities that members of the party often had difficulty in identifying themselves unless we all stayed together. At one of the larger cities Phil accidentally became separated from the rest of us at the stadium where the afternoon ceremonies were held. The parade cars had by this time been moved from in front to the rear of the stadium and guards stationed to keep the crowd from this area.

Kusterer and I caught sight of Love arguing

with a giant policeman who refused even to look at his card. We held a little conference and decided to see if Phil's powers of persuasion would prove effective. The ceremonies had not begun, so Kusterer asked Lindbergh in an aside what to do. Lindbergh grinned as he glanced down at our now angry pilot.

"He's always getting lost," he said unfeelingly. "If anybody asks you who he is tell him you don't know him."

Half an hour later, when we left the speakers' platform, Phil was still engaged in a heated argument, but he did not seem to be having much success. The rest of the afternoon program took up two hours, but when we reached our hotel there was still no sign of the missing Phil. A little later, one of the plainclothes men at the door of our suite came in, rather disturbed.

"There is a red-headed fellow out here who acts pretty mad," he told us. "We started to put him out, but we wanted to be sure we were right. Would you mind taking a look at him?"

Kusterer and I went out and found our pilot in a very aggrieved state. We were strongly

tempted to tell the policeman that we had never seen him before, but realizing that we had one more flight to make with him, we decided it was safer to let him in.

"You're a fine bunch," he complained. "Why didn't you tell me those cars weren't going out the way they came in. All the street cars were stopped for the parade and I couldn't even get a taxi. I've been walking ever since."

Kusterer and I carefully refrained from telling him the truth until the tour was over.

It was now October, months after Colonel Lindbergh's famous Atlantic flight. Countless words had been written about him, describing his simplicity of speech, manner and dress. But either this was never understood or else it was quickly forgotten by many readers, for even near the end of our journey he received hundreds of requests to do things that were not in keeping with modesty or simplicity. Some of these were of the kind to which we had become accustomed, but a few were so unusual that we hesitated even to mention them to the colonel. One was that he agree to having a plaster impression made of his

foot for public display. Phil and I both decided it would be safer for us to forget about this, which we promptly did.

It was Lindbergh's lack of artificiality, his desire to escape posing, that constantly made him the despair of news photographers and cameramen. Many public figures would give in and "act" at least slightly, before the camera. Lindbergh determinedly adhered to his own conviction that he was not an actor and that he would leave acting to those that were skilled in it.

The last official day furnished an instance of this nature. It had been arranged for the colonel to place a wreath on the Liberty Bell. When we arrived for this ceremony we found the space about the bell packed with cameramen and reporters, while a high-powered Klieg lamp lit up the scene.

This was not unexpected, but when one of the cameramen took charge and started to direct the colonel, I began to look for trouble. Lindbergh placed the wreath on the bell and stood up to go but all the picture men immediately

burst into a chorus of complaint. One had not been able to focus his camera, someone had stepped in front of another, the colonel had moved too rapidly, he had not smiled, and he had not looked in the right direction.

So he patiently took up the wreath and went through with the action once more, though I could see that he strongly disliked this performance.

Still the score of cameramen were not satisfied, and it looked as though the Hollywood practice of a dozen "retakes" would be followed, when Lindbergh's lips suddenly tightened. He carefully placed the wreath against the bell and turned to the chairman of the committee. "I think that is enough," he said quietly and started out.

Some saw in this a certain stubbornness, but it was merely Lindbergh's way of continuing to be natural. The very public that acclaimed him for his modesty and unaffectedness would have been the first to catch an unnatural gesture or a forced, broad smile.

Since May 21, 1927 there had been the usual

number of people who predicted that Lindbergh would soon "break," and that within a short time he would be entirely changed, mentally, physically and even morally.

If there was any change at all on that three months' journey when I had the opportunity to observe him closely, it was only to increase his reticence about himself. This was but natural, for he was frequently misquoted, and even widely quoted when he had said nothing at all.

The most surprising case of this kind was the publication of a special interview with the colonel, in which the writer described the appearance of the room, the manner in which Lindbergh entered and shook hands, how he was dressed, his voice as he spoke and other interesting details. Yet he had never heard of the author.

Even more particularly, Lindbergh was misquoted about his plans for the future, one topic which none of our party brought up. I frequently wondered how his plans, whatever they were, would be affected by the unceasing tumult of public admiration and applause, but

I never mentioned this to him. I was agreeably surprised, therefore, when he himself brought up the subject one day. He had just received a flood of invitations for visits to other cities after the tour.

"I can't see how I can accept any of these," he said thoughtfully. "If I go to one city then I ought to go to the others.

"I wish everybody would see the situation as I do," he went on, and his manner was suddenly very serious. "The New York-Paris flight is past. I suppose that it helped aviation by interesting the people, and probably it had a certain amount of pioneering value. But we need to go ahead in commercial flying, and we should not live in the past. I wish that people would just remember my flight to Paris as something that happened in 1927, and then forget about me."

I shook my head.

"They won't do it," I asserted, "And you can't very well get them to understand your viewpoint. You are a public figure, and everyone insists on keeping you in the foreground."

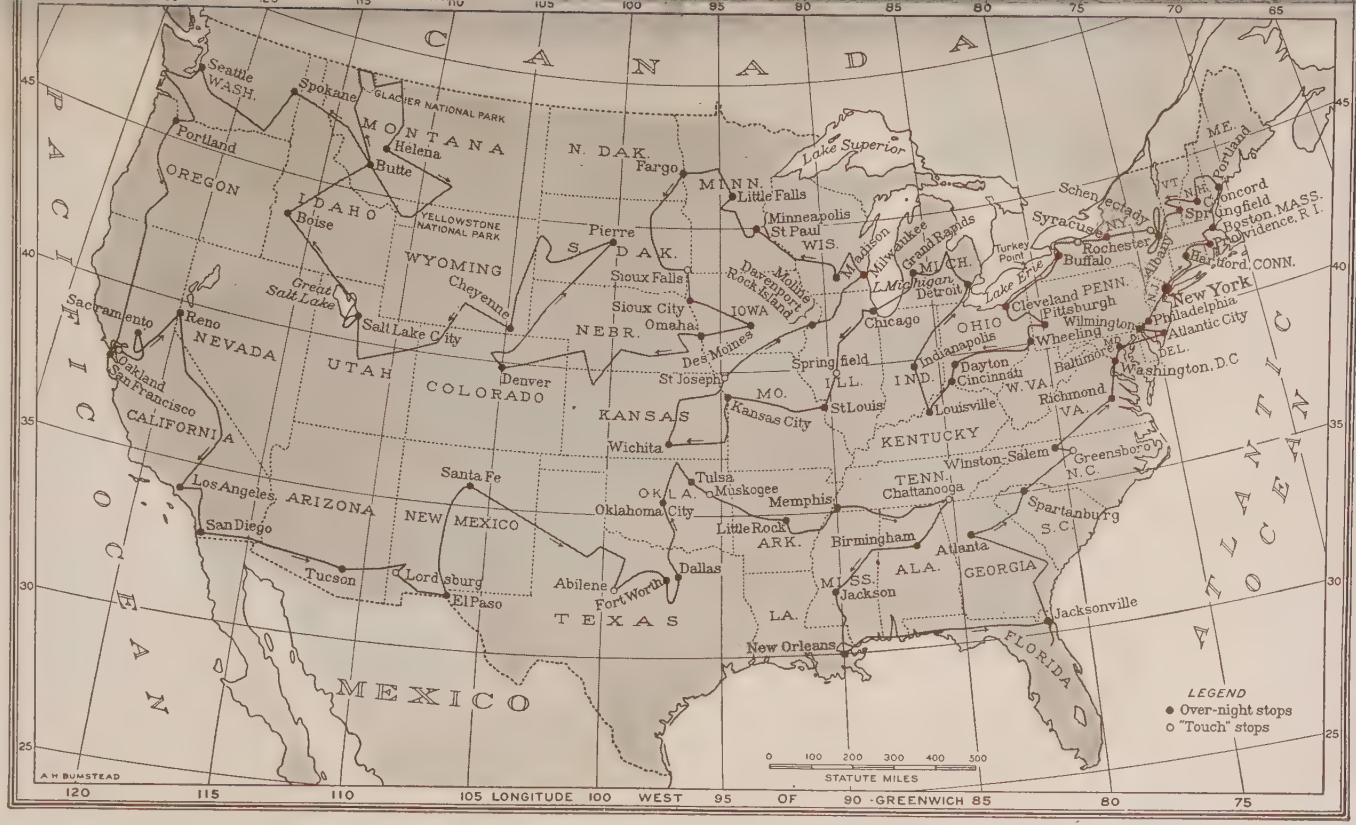
He was silent for a moment.

"I can either be in public life," he began, carefully, "or I can go back to private life. Perhaps it might help aviation if I were to keep on visiting cities and talking about flying, but I think that there are more important things to be done. I'd like to be free to work out some of the scientific problems we ought to solve. Even though regular flying is quite dependable there is still a lot of research to be done."

By the enthusiasm that began to diminish his seriousness, I knew that this research was not of the laboratory but research which he meant to carry out in the air.

"I must choose between one or the other," he continued. "I believe that the people are already sufficiently interested in flying. I hope they will understand why I want to go back to private life. It isn't that I don't appreciate how they feel. I wouldn't want them to think that at all for they have been very kind. I couldn't ever forget that."

He smiled as though a little embarrassed, for this was the first time he had ever talked



THE 22,000 MILE ROUTE ACROSS THE 48 STATES

about this subject. At that spontaneous, sincere smile I suddenly thought of an article which had interpreted Lindbergh's manner as an absolute aversion for the crowds that followed him and an ill-natured annoyance at the interested faces turned up toward him. I laughed involuntarily. Lindbergh looked surprised.

"It's nothing," I told him. "I can't imagine why those who know so little about you write so intimately of you."

He grinned at this but said nothing.

I wondered, as I thought over his declared intention of retirement, how many public figures would be so cheerful if removal from the spotlight even were hinted. But it was like him to have considered the question so unemotionally, and to have arrived at this decision.

Whenever there was any matter to be settled he applied his keen mind to it with a seemingly effortless concentration. Nor did he confine the activities of that mind to the solving of problems that arose. If sufficiently interested in an issue, he would argue expertly, and his

opponent was likely to find himself soon vanquished by the colonel's clear, simple logic.

Lindbergh's ability along these lines is probably not so well realized. His impersonal, grave method of speaking at ceremonies sometimes gave his listeners the impression that he was undergoing an ordeal. This was a mistake. At no time on the entire tour did he seem affected by stagefright, nor did he stumble in his brief addresses, which displayed an unusual knowledge of the aviation industry, and a keen grasp of its economic problems.

Once he used the name of a city we had just visited in addressing the guests at a banquet, but this mistake in location was not surprising, considering the extent of the tour and the swiftness with which we moved from one city to another.

Not until we were in the air for the last flight of the tour did I fully realize the remarkable success we had had. Lindbergh had covered more than twenty-two thousand miles in the Spirit of St. Louis, and we had flown more than twenty thousand. The difference was due to his circl-

ing additional cities while we went on to land half an hour ahead at each stop.

The entire journey had been made in 260 flying hours, or the equivalent of eleven flying days. During this time we had flown through fog, rain, snow and darkness, as well as in clear weather. We had seen each of the forty-eight States, and had peeped across the borders into our neighboring countries on the north and on the south. We had flown along the coasts of the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, and had gazed down upon the sunny Gulf of Mexico. Best of all, we had seen the wonderlands of America, and had viewed them from the vantage point of the birds, free to drop down for a longer glimpse of some unusually beautiful spot if we so desired.

And—with one exception—we had done it all on time.

Suddenly I saw why this had been so, and why our nation wide air tour had been successful. It was not the great popularity of Lindbergh, though it was this, of course, which drew thousands of citizens from every community. It was

not the careful preparation and hearty coöperation of the committees, though these were invaluable. Nor was it by any means our own plans or our methods.

The success of that almost spectacular journey was due to the personality of Charles A. Lindbergh. His quiet confidence eliminated any doubt we might have had of coming through on schedule. His thoroughness averted serious and costly mistakes. In itself, the tour was as much a test of him as the transatlantic flight, though of a different nature entirely.

There were many pitfalls into which he might easily have fallen, many apparently harmless deviations, which, if followed, would have marred his brilliant record. But, almost instinctively, he kept to the right course. His ability to judge those with whom he came in contact was one of the outstanding reasons for his unerring progress. Without forming an immediate fixed opinion, he was able to analyze with surprising detail and accuracy the people who came to him with numerous requests. I

cannot recall a single incident in which his judgment proved unsound.

With the motto of his air mail days—The Mail Must Go Through—perhaps subconsciously in his mind, he created a slogan that became a byword with us: "We must always be on time."

With Lindbergh as our commanding officer we followed unhesitatingly where he led, knowing that his decision was sure to be the best. Yet not even the knowledge that he was a world hero could have averted discord among us, and possibly disaster, if there had been one false spot in the man who was our leader.

But it was not as a commanding officer that we thought of him when our daily association of the tour came to a close. The gloom that pervaded that last flight, from Philadelphia to New York City, was at our temporary separation from a real friend, and at the knowledge that we must give him back to a world that clamored for him with unabated enthusiasm.

For we felt that his hope of becoming once

more just Charles A. Lindbergh was only a dream—destined not to be fulfilled—and that as Colonel Lindbergh he must always "carry on," admired and acclaimed, but never again to feel the freedom of a private citizen, for which he sincerely longed.

The crowd which we saw as we landed at Mitchel Field seemed proof enough of this, for we knew that no ordinary attraction could bring such throngs of New Yorkers to this remote spot.

For once we found ourselves in the position of onlookers, for the Army officers had arranged all the details of Lindbergh's landing and the handling of the crowd. So well had this been done that we had some difficulty in persuading one officer that we had any right to be there, and to await the colonel at his hangar.

We did not have long to wait, for the faithful Spirit of St. Louis settled upon the ground before us at exactly two o'clock—the precise second which Lindbergh had set almost four months before, when he had planned the tour.

He was immediately set upon by the waiting photographers, reporters, and the ever-admiring thousands.

"I am going on out to Port Washington," Slim told us a little later—he had long since ceased to be other than "Slim" to us. "We'll get together after awhile. And by the way—" handing a package to one of us—"will you take care of these?"

"These" proved to be gold wrist watches for the tour party, each one engraved in memory of our journey. But before we could thank him he had gone, smiling as he had smiled months before when I had first met him there.

It was months afterward, when the United States Tour was history and the Pan American flight had been ended, when I saw him alone at Washington. He had just completed a week of strenuous flying, carrying Congressmen and diplomatic officials for short hops over the capital.

"I think I'll take a little rest," he told me. "While I'm gone will you try to get me a list

of everyone who flew with me this week? I want to keep a record of all my passengers."

I promised to look up the names. He sat for a few minutes, staring thoughtfully out of the window.

"When are you going to bring the Spirit of St. Louis here for the Smithsonian?" I asked him. "I suppose that means another ceremony."

"No, it doesn't," he replied quickly. "I'm not going to let anyone know when I bring it—in fact, I don't know myself. But I think I'll come in when they aren't expecting me."

"I suppose it's a bit hard to give up the old ship?" I ventured, for I knew he could not but feel an attachment for the plane which had served him so faithfully.

He smiled a little, quietly.

"It's just as good as ever," he answered. "I could take it out and make a lot more jumps with it—but I guess it belongs to the country, now."

He stood up at that, and started to go. I glanced out of the window toward the main entrance of the building.

"Maybe you'd better wait a second while I get a car ready at the door," I suggested.

Lindbergh shook his head, apparently amused.

"There isn't any need of it," he declared. "Come along and see. I've been walking around all afternoon. No one has paid any attention to me."

Perhaps the threatening weather was the cause, or other matters may have engrossed those on the street more than ordinarily. To my surprise no one recognized the colonel, and we covered the short distance to our destination without drawing the crowd I had come to associate with him.

When I left him, a few minutes later I carried away a new picture with me—Slim Lindbergh, just a little elated at being able to walk down a street unrecognized.

THE END

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